

HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

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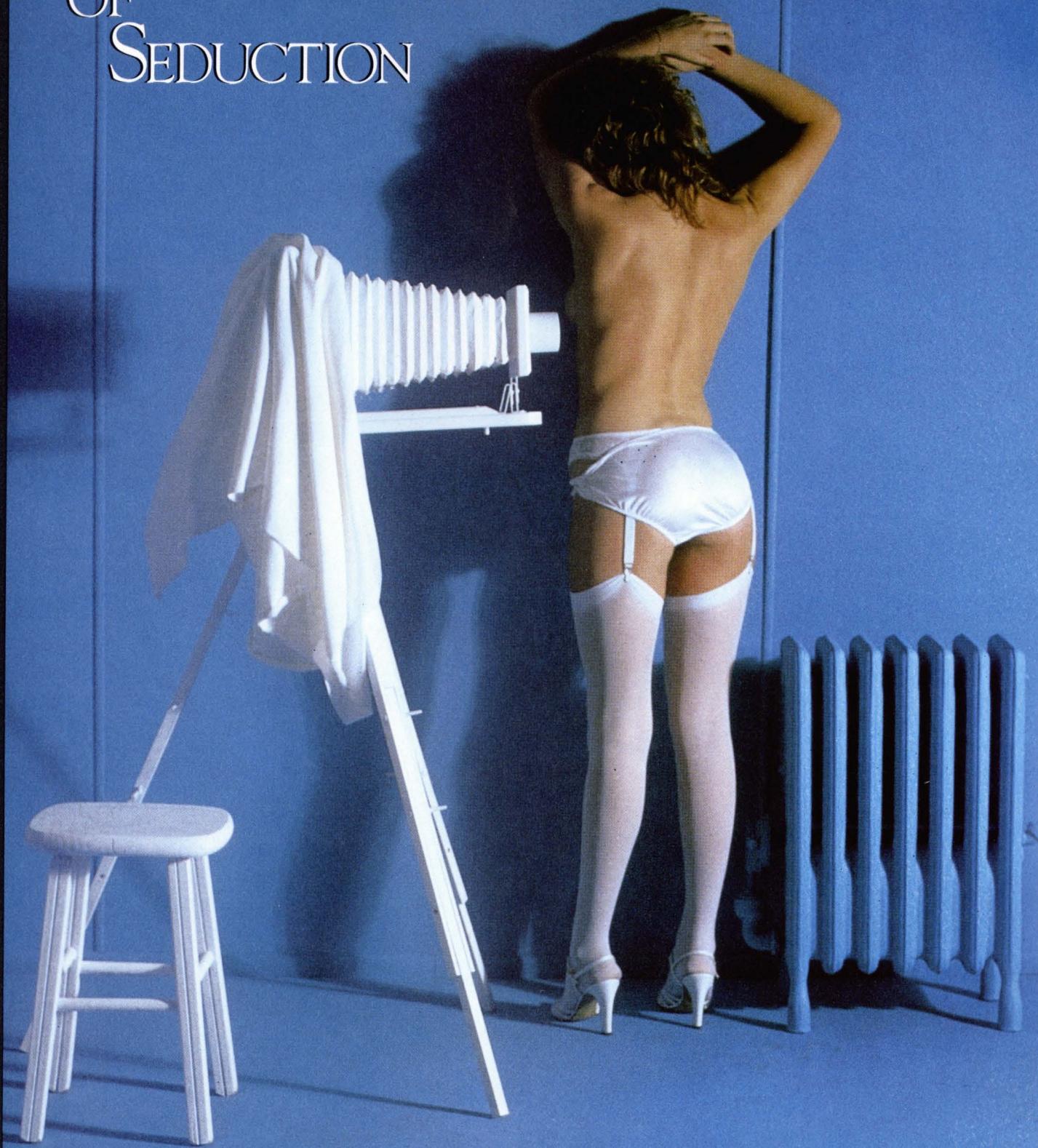
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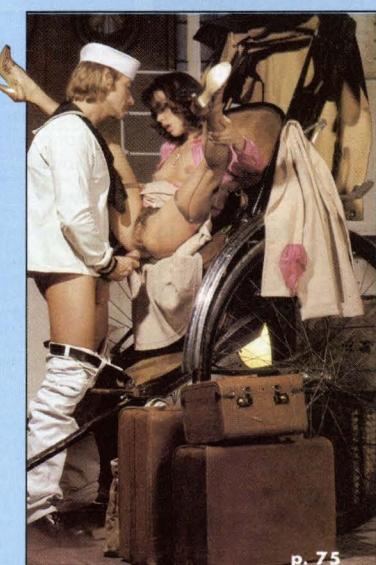
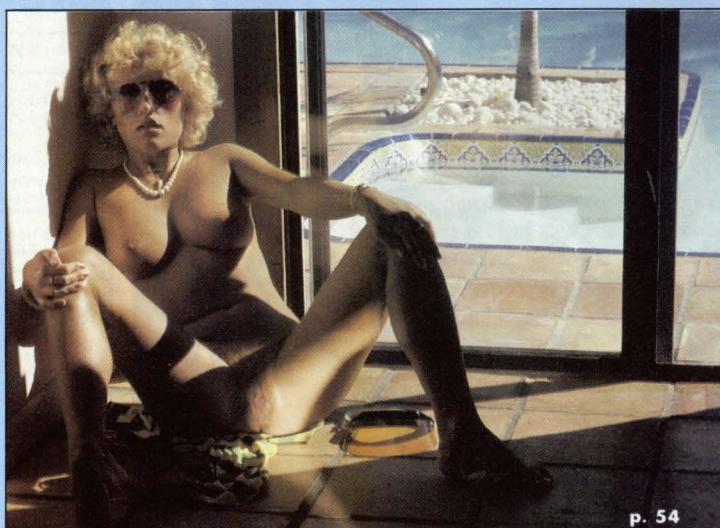
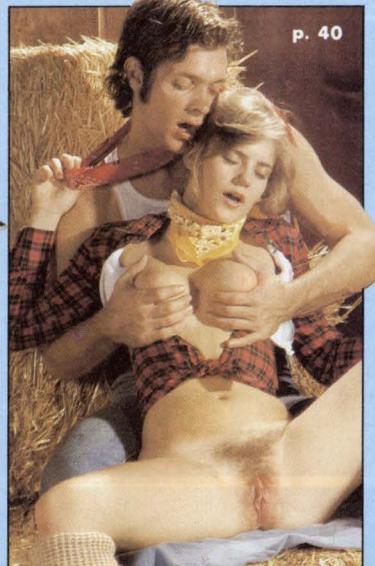
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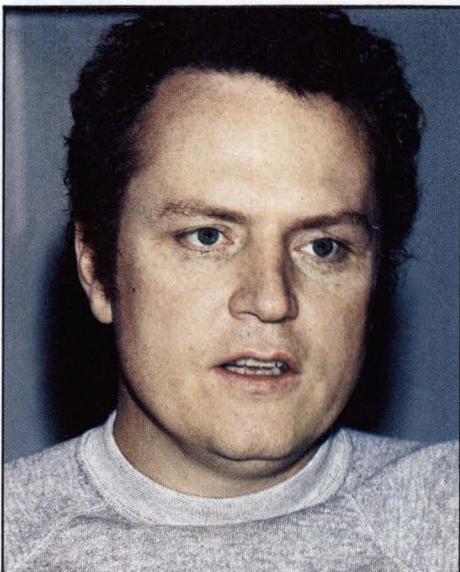
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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK
Blue-Collar News

MAY 1979 VOLUME 5 NUMBER 11

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Human Rights or Deals?

Since his election President Jimmy Carter has repeatedly spoken out for individual rights, but he seems to have forgotten that actions speak louder than words. Last December, for example, at a White House reception marking the 30th anniversary of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, he said: "As long as I am President, the government of the United States will struggle for the enhancement of human rights. No force on earth can separate us from that commitment."

However, it took an Ojibwa American Indian to set the record straight. During a question-and-answer period on the same day, Vernon Bellecourt said, "It's despicable that we are talking here about human rights . . . while people are fighting to be free in Iran."

The Shah of Iran may have departed from his country earlier this year for an "extended vacation," but his cowardly exit doesn't get Carter off the hook. In 1978 the Carter Administration sold the Shah's regime more than \$3.3 billion in goods and services. In return this country bought nearly \$2.7 billion worth of oil, built dozens of industrial plants in Iran (bearing such names as Du Pont, Coca-Cola, Gillette and Johnson & Johnson) and sent more than 1,200 American "military advisers" to help the Shah's army and secret police (SAVAK) keep the Iranian people under control.

In the process, torture and denial of individual rights became commonplace. Dissent grew; the Shah became increasingly isolated from the political realities of his nation, and Jimmy Carter maintained his support of the Shah's regime up until the day the Shah took off.

Why does Carter continually say one thing but do another? Why did he continue to heap abuse on the Soviet Union and South Africa for their oppressive treatment of minorities, yet persist in his support of the criminal and corrupt regime of the Shah?

The explanation for this hypocritical double standard is

simple: business. Before the Shah took a hike, 1979 was shaping up to be the best year yet in terms of U.S.-Iranian mutual money-making. A \$12-billion arms package, cut down to \$7 billion in February by the post-Shah Bakhtiar government, would have kept a heap of McDonnell Douglas, Boeing and General Dynamics shareholders happy, while creating jobs for thousands of American workers. And Iran could always be depended on to provide oil for the U.S. in the event the other petroleum-exporting countries turned against us.

Well, business makes strange bedfellows, they say. This country traded with the Nazis even *after* World War II erupted, and it would probably make a deal with the devil himself if there were a buck to be made. But let's at least be *honest* about it, rather than camouflage the issue with a lot of bullshit about human rights.

Let's put a man in the White House who can look the American people in the eye and say: "Times are rough, and there are assholes out there with money to spend. We're going to get a piece of that action before the chief asshole gets thrown out by the citizens he's been screwing and torturing. And then we'll make a deal with the *next* asshole." Sound crude? Maybe it is. But it would be a damn sight more honorable and honest than the two-faced, sanctimonious bullshit that's been coming out of Washington for the last two-and-a-half years.

Publisher & Chairman of the Board

"Hi. I'm Chrissy. When I appeared in HUSTLER, my shoes were bright red, my socks were white... and my pussy was shocking pink."



Getting the color right is part of what HUSTLER is all about—especially the shocking pink. We grab it, align it, define it, sharpen it and lock your eyeballs on the right track. HUSTLER's quality is fine-tuned. We are the trendsetter of the '70s: *the sex magazine to watch in the '80s.*

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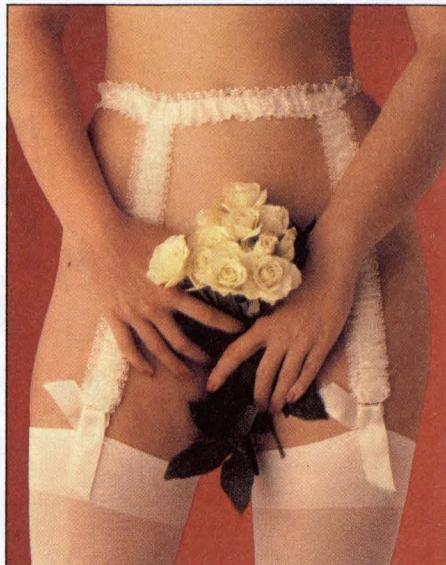
SHOW&TELL

Cover by Matti Klatt

May is a month of celebration and caring. Winter is behind us now, and we've set aside two days to pay homage to special people. Mother's Day falls on the 13th, and Memorial Day, honoring our nation's war dead, at the end of the month. But it's ironic that while these types of days are observed almost religiously, we are a country known for its apathy and lack of concern.

Apathy is a contagious disease pervading all areas of our life, from sex to politics. People tend to piss and moan but not really do anything. In fact, despite evidence of massive political corruption and incompetent officeholders a lot of people in this country don't even bother to vote. The excuses are many, but one does make sense: It's usually a hassle to register before election day. But as reporter JEFF GOTTLIEB claims, **CHANGING THE AMERICAN SYSTEM** is easier than it appears. After reading this article on **INSTANT VOTER REGISTRATION** you'll see that such a step could eliminate much of the confusion by making it possible to register at the polls. Instant voter registration could also shift the balance of power and create a truly representative government—an idea that is not terribly palatable to the politicos who have bought their way into office. Gottlieb's work has appeared in CHIC, the *L.A. Free Press* and *L.A. Weekly*.

Putting politicians in office who care and would be responsive to our needs might clear up some of our



other problems, such as public money being pissed away for personal gain. The story of **WILLIAM SIBERT**, the subject of **EMBEZZLING THE AMERICAN DREAM**, shows how a low-level government accountant managed to walk away with almost a million dollars of our tax monies. Investigative reporter **JEAN CALLAHAN** walks us through the ABCs of embezzlement in her account of this bizarre case, and brings us to the sobering conclusion that we're ignorant of the confusion rampant in the federal bureaucracy. Callahan has written for *New Times* and *Mother Jones*. The caricature of Sibert is by **JOHN LYKES**.

Of course, apathy and ignorance often go hand in hand, and when someone profits by exploiting the two, someone else always gets hurt. Did you know that millions of babies are mutilated in this country every year? And that this practice nets physicians millions of dollars?

Our report **THE FIRST RIP-OFF** deals with the age-old practice of **CIRCUMCISION**. As **HUSTLER Contributing Editor TIM CONAWAY** tells us, the first awareness most baby boys in America have of their genitals is colored by pain and violence as their foreskins are cut away by the surgeon's scalpel. Yet parents still sanction and physicians still continue this practice despite a wealth of medical evidence against it. The shock of this barbaric custom is vividly captured by **DAVE McMACKEN** in the accompanying illustration.

With the state of the world as it is we could certainly use some divine intervention. But that prospect frightens the hell out of most people, since they figure **THE SECOND COMING** would mean fire and brimstone and the end of the world. But writer **RICHARD PAGET** begs to differ. In his delightful fantasy Jesus Christ takes matters in hand with knowledge, compassion and understanding. The illustration for this piece was rendered by our regular contributor **BOB GLEASON**.

However, despite all the apathy and confusion of the last decade there is one place in this country where apathy and confusion don't exist: That's here at **HUSTLER**. And this month's selection of sizzling photo-features should prove it. From **SUZE RANDALL's HAYLOFT HARVEST** to **CLIVE McLEAN's THE LONG HELLO** to **JAMES BAES's** beautiful shots of our luscious centerfold **PAMELA**, there's no doubt about it—we take your interest to heart. 



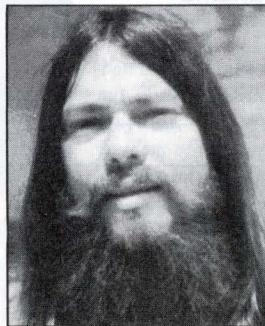
Jean Callahan



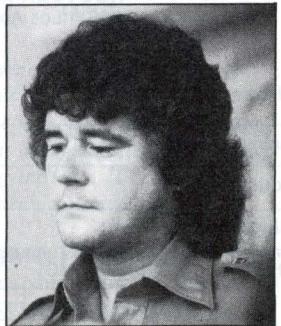
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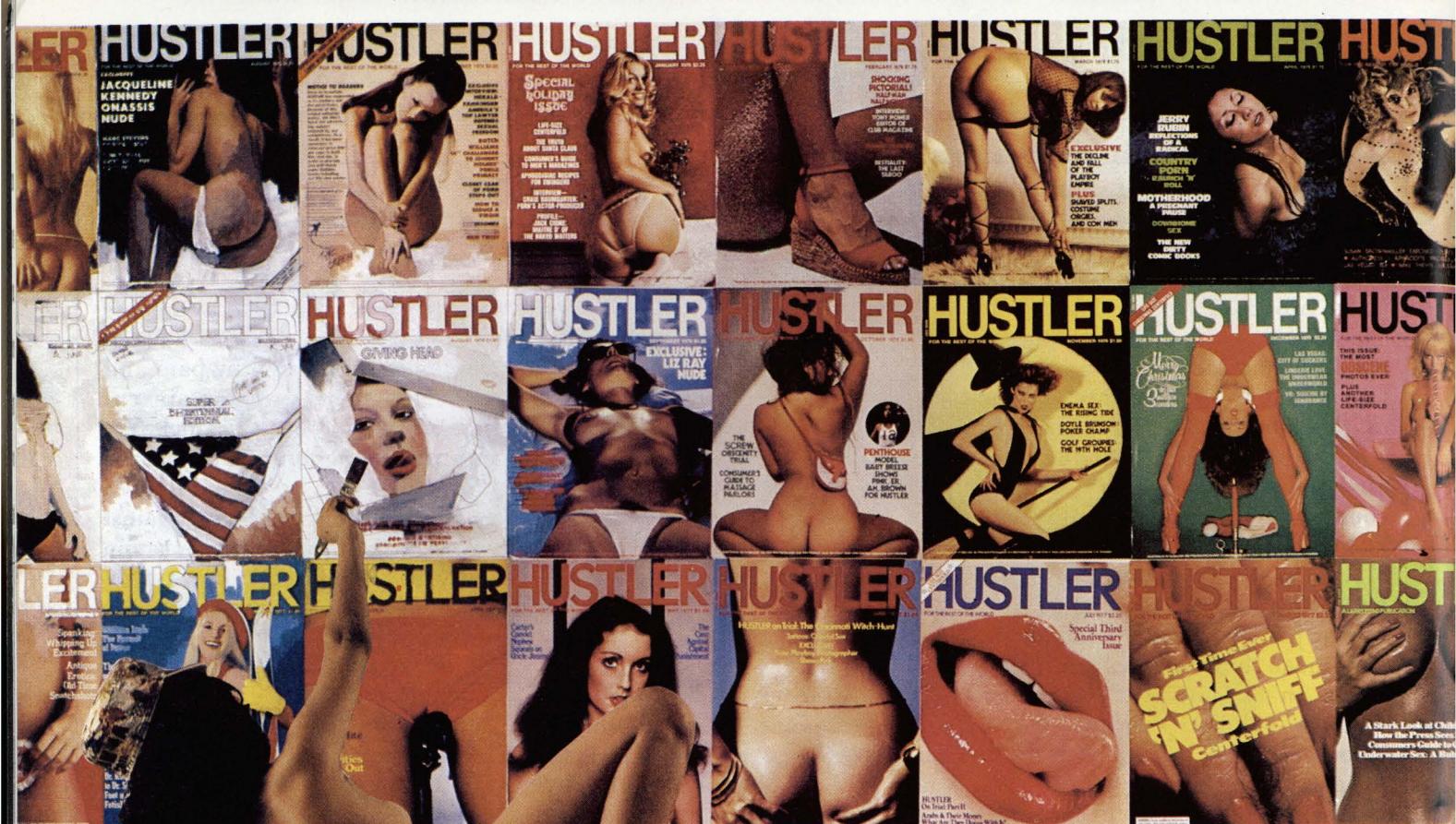
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FEEDBACK

Sly's Buns: I enjoyed your nude pictures of Sylvester Stallone (*The Rocky Porno Show*, March). But you didn't print any good rear views. Please run any good rear views—photos of Sly's ass. Also, you never run rear-view shots of any of the guys in your pictures anymore. If I'm going to spend \$30 a year on your magazine, the least you could do is show one back view of each guy.

—Marjorie
Orlando, Florida



Pig Poster: Your public-service ad in the February HUSTLER really struck a nerve. I'm talking about the picture of a cop, with tears in his eyes, carrying a child who is apparently dead. I wish to thank you for this ad. I feel it is necessary for the public to become aware that we so-called "pigs" are human and that we do have feelings. I think you have a very fine magazine, and I will continue to read it. Keep up the good work.

—Officer James R. Carpenter
New Madison, Ohio, Police Department

Male Sale: I am a 30-year-old housewife who subscribes to your magazine. I think it's the best there is. *Male for Sale* (March) has to be the greatest photo-spread I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot. Porn is my hobby. The whole layout was a definite turn-on. You couldn't have picked a more perfect guy, and the lady was magnificent. Who is she? How old is she? I wish I knew the answers to those questions. Your magazine never fails to amaze me. With features like this one I'll keep subscribing forever.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

*Thanks for the compliments. The wealthy matron in *Male for Sale* was 50-year-old actress Candy Samples.*

Gemstone Shock: I'm writing these few lines regarding *The Gemstone File* (February). Never in my 25 years have I read so few lines packed with so much important information. I felt disoriented and shocked. Now, I wonder, are we puppets of a secret hierarchy?

Larry Flynt, I think you are a very courageous man. I pray that you continue to seek the truth, which we, as a nation, must have in order to deal with the difficult times ahead.

—Bruce Panton
New York, New York

I've just finished reading *The Gemstone File* and am absolutely appalled. I am not alone in believing the Warren Commission, the FBI and the CIA about as much as I believe in the tooth fairy. After Watergate, Project Blue Book, Robert Kennedy and so on, *The Gemstone File* can't be ignored. And that scares me.

—E. B. Lipscomb
Barberton, Ohio



Cartoon Carnage: You have set a new low in bloody cartoons in your February issue. What are you trying to prove? I believe you owe an explanation to your readers about what you have in mind with these sadistic cartoons.

I would think that with the recent, unfortunate attempt on your life you would not want to promote violence in HUSTLER. Believe me, you have a good magazine. Why spoil it with such immature and sick cartoons?

—Annoyed Reader
Marina Del Rey, California

Rather than promoting violence, HUSTLER's cartoons, articles and other features are designed to provoke our readers into looking for the roots of violence. We think we may have been successful as far as being thought-provoking goes with you, Annoyed Reader.

Jettison Jesus: I've noticed you have "cleaned up" your act a bit. But your January issue is the filthiest one ever printed. Your cartoons making reference to Christ are, to say the least, appalling. The sick minds who thought up such degradation to Our Lord had better start praying now or be preparing themselves to roast in hell. I have nothing against a little fun and perversion now and then, but please keep Christ out of HUSTLER!

—J. Faulkner
Hartford, Connecticut

Christ Himself never avoided the seamier side of life in the Holy Land. We see no reason why Jesus should avoid HUSTLER.

Vigilantes for the Lord: I was appointed by the Church of Christ to form a committee and direct it in the defense of Our Lord, Jesus Christ—to defend Him against slander and ridicule. In your November 1978 issue a cartoon portrayed Jesus as a sham, a bearded misfit who plays jokes in order to gain believers. He certainly was not a person who pulled rabbits out of a hat. I didn't find it very humorous, nor would God. We, as Christians, feel this is an insult to God and His Son—also, that it interferes with our freedom of religion and the First Amendment. I sincerely hope your magazine will refrain from showing Our Lord in this light, and if not, we as Christians will take steps to stop you.

—William A. R. Daniel, Jr.
Hillsboro, Missouri

You'd think that anyone who could pull a rabbit out of a hat wouldn't need a defense committee. Anyway, the First Amendment guarantees freedom of religion; it also guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of the press. It is a basic cornerstone of our American system.

Protect Your Rights: I do not agree with many of the articles you print, but there is one policy of HUSTLER I agree with com-

pletely: your right to print whatever you want, uncensored. The only censorship allowed by the Constitution, and the only censorship necessary, is the self-censorship of refusing to buy a magazine. You don't force anyone to read the articles or stare at the pictures of nude women or men. It's about time the U.S. citizen stood up for his rights, instead of remaining silent while self-appointed "protectors" of virtue destroy everyone's individual rights. Apparently, no one understands that when they fail to protect your right to print HUSTLER, they are implicitly betraying their own rights.

—James W. Paine
Jacksonville, Florida

Female Fan Mail: I'm a woman who reads your fantastic mag, and I want you to know I think HUSTLER is one of the most humane publications available. Please keep up the fabulous idea of showing couples making love. And never mind what those uptight creeps who regard themselves as "real he-men" say. Tell them to stick their pricks in a hole in the ground if they hate the sight of a man and a woman making love together.

What could be more gorgeous than showing a lady and gent sharing their bodies? In HUSTLER's pictorials the guys look so loving; they are aroused yet gentle, as though they really do give a fuck about the woman's pleasure. Mutual pleasure, rather than conquest and domination, seems to be their

desire. Your couples look so warm, cozy and juicy. HUSTLER is the one men's magazine that doesn't make me, as a woman, feel like a mere piece of meat.

—J. Troken
Los Angeles, California

Here's to the greatest magazine ever published: HUSTLER. Hang in there, Larry. You're doing a terrific job. I'm a woman who'd really like to see real, live hard-ons. No more limp shrimp. And to top it off, it would be terrific to see more of the lesbian chicks getting it on.

—Name Withheld by Request
Englewood, Colorado

Keep Those Couples: Those guys who are bitching because of the male models in your pictorials must have a hang-up about their own bodies. I feel there is nothing more natural than seeing a man and woman together enjoying each other's bodies. On the other hand it turns me off to see two women playing with each other, but at least I am open-minded enough to realize other men enjoy that immensely.

For this reason I hope you will continue to give me and others who feel the way I do what we like, which is men and women together sharing themselves as it was meant to be. HUSTLER has always been a leader, which is why it is the only men's magazine I care to read with the exception of CHIC.

I have found some of your material offensive, like your articles on child abuse, abortion, the horrors of war, etc. But these are subjects we should be aware of, regardless of how much we'd rather pretend they didn't exist. Thank you for making me more aware of some of the tragedies of life and for all the good things in life that you keep me up to date on. You're not just a men's magazine; you're an "everybody's" magazine. —J. A.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Your magazine has improved tremendously over the past 18 months. The pictorials are in much better taste, and you are presenting more "fantasy situations," such as *Beauty's Beast* (January) and *Beaverman* (November 1978), which I really enjoyed. I want you to know there is nothing "queer" about a man and a woman enjoying their sexuality. I think the guys who are complaining about male models are the ones who are a little strange. I'm glad to see more dicks. If they want to see pussy exclusively, let them change magazines. This is the true scene, men and women united. By the way, I'm still not convinced you're a true Christian, Larry, or you'd realize how degrading and disgusting *Bits & Pieces* can be at times. Well, I suppose you have to satisfy a great number of readers.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

These Are Rejects? I recently bought HUSTLER REJECTS #2. How could you do it? This is a bunch of rejects? They are all far superior to 97 percent of the women in other men's magazines. I wish they could have had another chance. After seeing ladies like Dawn, Theresa, Moon, Mariette and Dierdre, I am now considering subscribing to HUSTLER. Keep up the great work.

—Milton Streeter
New Orleans, Louisiana

Really Concerned: I'd like to respond to the so-called "Concerned Mother" in your February Feedback: Madam, if you prefer your son learning sex in the streets, look out!

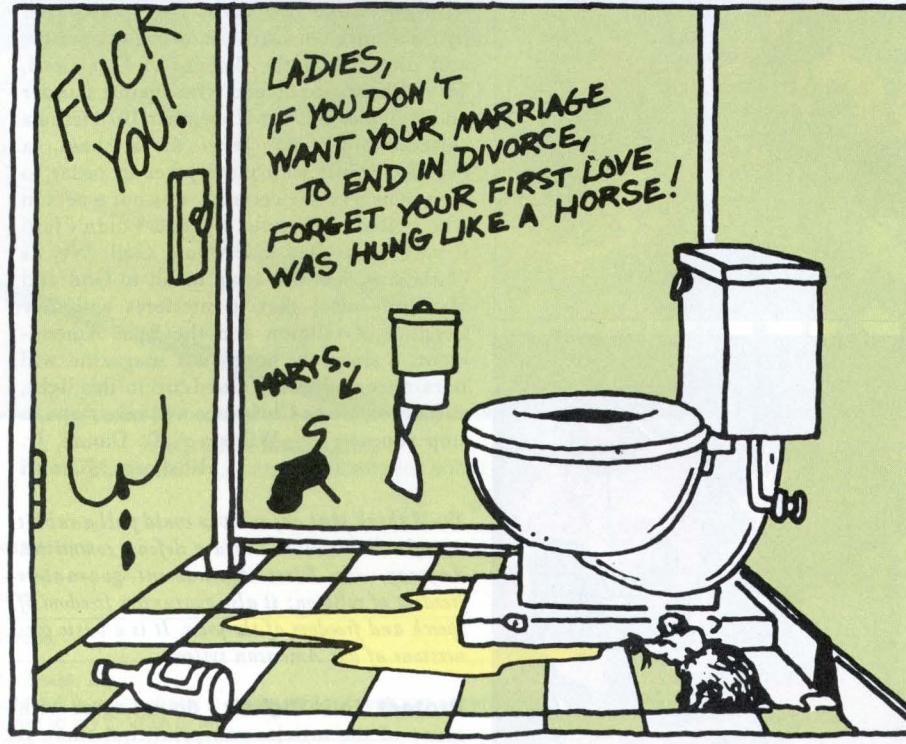
Reading HUSTLER and seeing normal humans enjoying the world's favorite pastime—making love—is perfectly normal. My daughter can read HUSTLER and anything else she wants to when she's old enough. I'm quite sure she will not be repressed or promiscuous. She'll be able to look at sex with an open mind, and accept and deal with it for what it is—something beautiful.

—Peggy Metoyer
Chicago, Illinois

Give 'Em Hell! I just bought my first copy of HUSTLER, and I must admit it was mostly to look at the pussy. But after reading it I want you to know it's great that there still is somebody around with enough balls to tell the truth about those assholes in

(continued on page 22)

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

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Nevada has been touted as a place where it's easy to find a prostitute. But now authorities in Nye County are turning off the red lights. Five brothels were ordered to shut down by March 31 as the result of a county ordinance banning prostitution in Nevada's largest county. Among the whorehouses ordered closed is the famous Chicken Ranch, an hour's drive from Las Vegas, where girls charged two bucks a minute for their charms.

Here's a type of sexual discrimination you don't run into often: A Southern Bell Telephone Company worker has been fired after his nude photo ran in "Playgirl" magazine. Twenty-seven-year-old Ron Jenkins says Ma Bell told him he was a "disruptive influence" for appearing in the magazine. He has hired a lawyer to fight for his reinstatement.

You've got to make it short and sweet if you want to meet a girl at a singles' bar. A study by two psychologists reveals that the average length of an encounter at a body bar is only seven seconds. The researchers used a stopwatch to determine that it takes an average of seven seconds between a man approaching a woman and his walking away -- if he's been rejected. The study also turned up the interesting fact that attractive women are not approached by men any more often than unattractive ones are.

First it was HUSTLER and other sex magazines that prison officials banned. Now, in Hawaii, braless women are taboo in men's prisons. The Hawaiian Supreme Court has upheld a state-prison policy requiring women visitors to the joint to wear brassieres. The court's ban on bouncing boobs came in a decision against a woman lawyer who said she had been prohibited from visiting a client behind bars because she wasn't wearing a bra. Judges said prisoners might become unruly if they saw a braless woman.

College officials in Brooklyn were surprised recently to discover that a porn film had been shot on their campus. Pratt Institute administrators now admit, with some embarrassment, that they were hoodwinked by a film crew that used the campus as a location for part of the film "Debbie Does Dallas" (reviewed in this month's X-Rated Reviews, page 30). According to a Pratt vice-president, the filmmakers said they wanted to make an educational flick about how to use the campus library. "Debbie" stars Bambi Woods, who says she was once a cheerleader for the Dallas Cowboys, despite the fact that the football team claims she was never on the squad.

They used to say that smoking marijuana leads to heroin addiction. Now a United States senator says puffing pot leads to homosexuality. S.I. Hayakawa, California's junior senator, drew laughs from a Sacramento high-school crowd when he revealed his startling theory during a talk to the students. The elderly legislator said his belief is based on a finding by a University of California researcher that smoking weed increases the level of female hormones in the body.

If you feel like killing your wife, the Bahamas may be the place to do it. A man charged with manslaughter in the death of his wife following an argument was recently given the choice of paying a \$100 fine or spending six months in the slammer. In Nassau, Judge Harvey de Costa told the defendant, Carlton Cash, "You have been treated very leniently, and I hope you appreciate it." 

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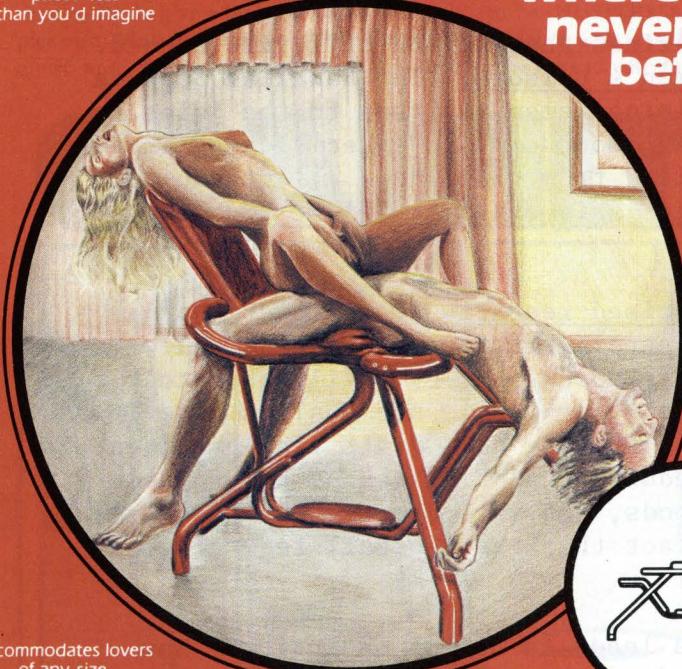


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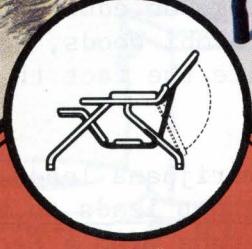


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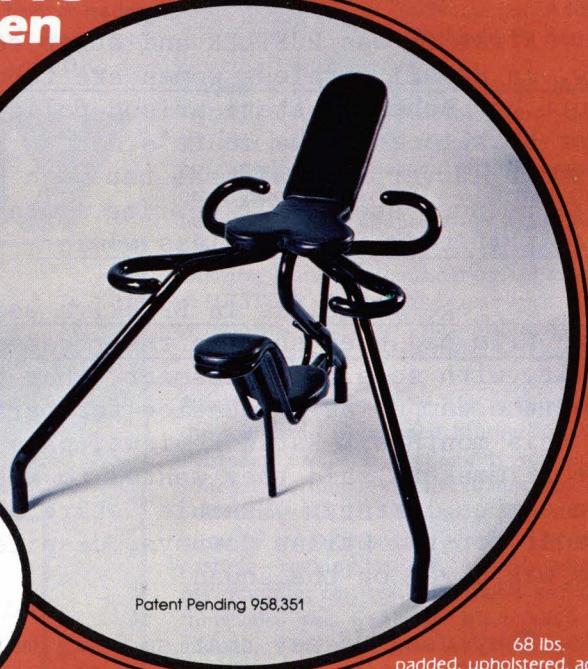
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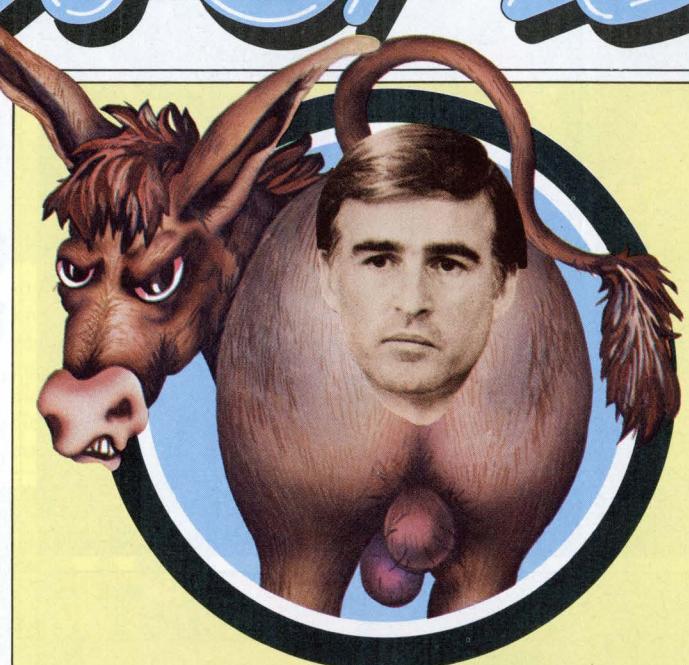
Bits & Pieces

California's Governor Jerry Brown is a popular guy in his home state. He recently won reelection by a landslide, pulling in votes from most parts of the political spectrum. Californians like their governor for abandoning many of the traditional trappings of political power, for refusing to follow the Democrats' party line on many issues and for blending pragmatism and mysticism into an effective leadership role. Many residents of the Golden State don't even seem to mind the fact that their governor is chomping at the bit to run for the presidency next year.

But now many citizens in his home state—and around the nation—are genuinely upset with Jerry Brown for calling for a Constitutional convention. Brown says a convention of representatives of the 50 states should be called, ostensibly to draft a Constitutional amendment mandating a balanced federal budget. This latest move by Governor Brown is way off base!

No Constitutional convention has been called since that wonderful document was signed almost 200 years ago. And for good reason! Once a convention meets, Constitutional authorities generally agree, it cannot be limited to one subject.

Any part or all of the Constitution, including vital protections such as the First Amendment, could be rewritten or eliminated. Special-interest groups and



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Governor Jerry Brown

politicians could pressure delegates into such madnesses as outlawing a free press, making homosexuality a capital crime or prohibiting opposition political parties.

These things could happen—even if the convention were called on the single issue of a balanced budget.

Since Jerry Brown has proposed a step that could cause mischief at least and irreparable harm at worst to our American liberties, he truly deserves his award as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month.

In the first place, not everyone agrees that there is any benefit in balancing the federal budget, even though it sounds like a good idea. And, more important, it is clear that Jerry Brown's interest in balancing the federal budget is purely and simply a cynical attempt to whip up political support among conservatives, who have probably thought up to now that he is a wild-eyed radical.

To open a Pandora's box such as a Constitutional convention merely because one wants to be elected president

is more than bad judgment; to suggest a process that could result in a loss of liberty for any or all of us just because one wants to go to Washington is gross cynicism of the worst order.

Even Howard Jarvis, the crusty author of California's Proposition 13 and a leading proponent of cutting government spending, thinks Brown's idea is full of shit. "Constitutional scholars agree that the convention would not be limited to any one subject, such as fiscal reform," Jarvis says. "It would put the Constitution back on the drawing board, where every radical crackpot or special-interest group would have the chance to write the supreme law of the land."

The federal Constitution has served this nation well since it was written. It has been amended, as times have changed. There is a traditional method for proposing amendments to the Constitution, one that should be used if a balanced budget is to be mandated: Congress proposes such amendments, and they are sent to the state legislatures for ratification. That process has worked perfectly up to now, without opening the door to drastic revision of the sacred document that has served as a model for free peoples throughout the world.

Some people think Jerry Brown is either a fool or an asshole to suggest a Constitutional convention. We think he's both.

—Lee Quarnstrom



Cream of the Crop

Our staff has gone over another year's worth of HUSTLERs and has come up with a collection of the best, highest-quality, most outrageous material imaginable. And it's all available in THE BEST OF HUSTLER #4. There's something for everybody, including dynamite examples of the features that have made HUSTLER famous. In



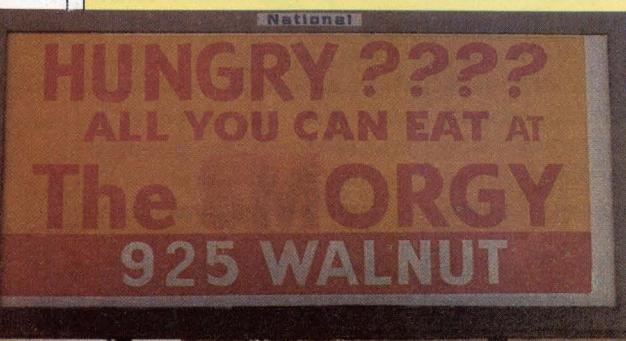
Big Babies

It's called infantilism, and it's another oddity in the world of sex. Infantilism consists of an urge to get off by dressing and acting like a baby—including getting those diapers inside the rubber panties soaked with wee-wee. These two big babies, a fun couple, are modeling infant clothes for adults made by Grandma Burdine, a little old lady who really turns out high-quality material. Grandma Burdine can be reached through Amber Enterprises (P.O. Box 723, Milpitas, California 95035). Amber also puts out two periodicals—the newsletter *Crib Sheet* and *The Play Pen* magazine—both aimed at men and women who like wearing rompers, pinnafores

and cute bonnets. We're not sure about infantilism, but if it

includes breast-feeding, there must be something to it.

fact, there's so much in here that you won't believe the ridiculous cover price of \$2.95 at your newsstand. And there's a *Beaver Hunt* section brimming over with never-before-published photos. This is a real collector's item.



Sign Language

You've heard of body language. It's the way we move our bodies to subconsciously let people know how we feel about them sexually. Well, now there's sign language, and we're not just talking about the gestures made by deaf-mute Indians.

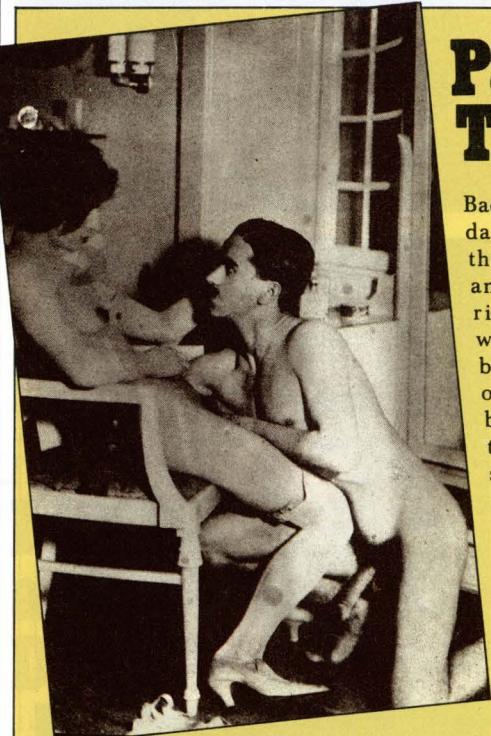




Self-Made Man

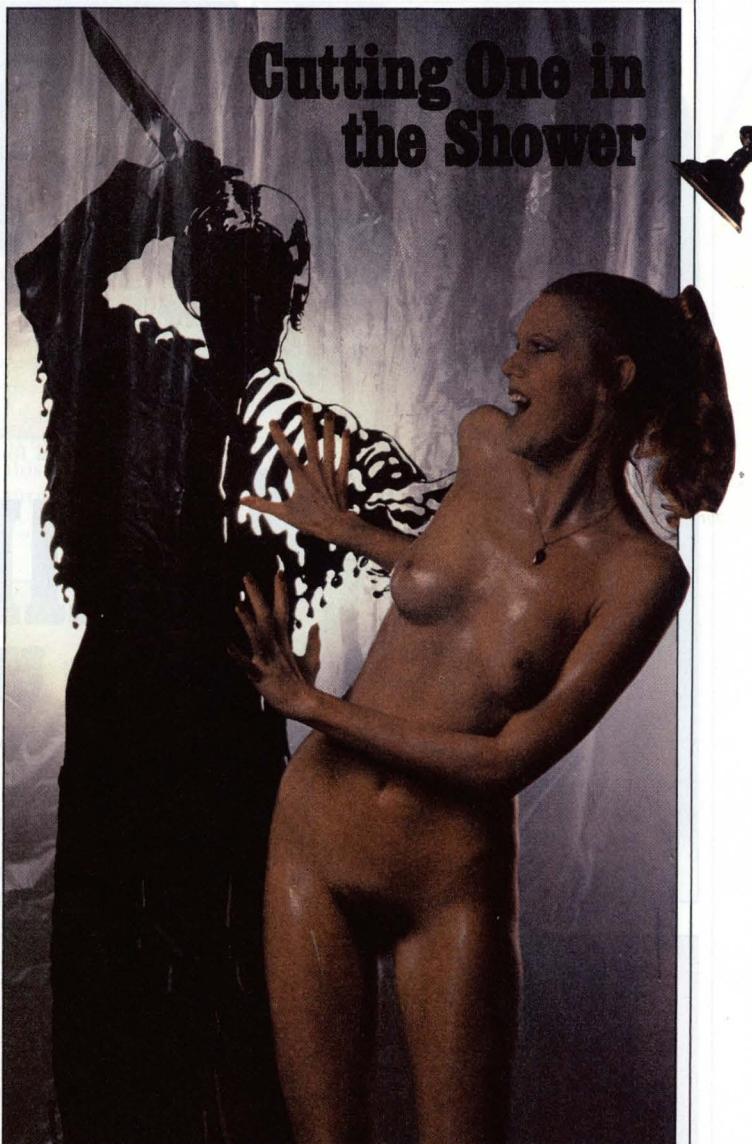
This has got to be what people have in mind when they tell you

to "go fuck yourself." We don't know how this guy manages to get his prick into his own asshole; but whatever his technique, it seems to prove the old wives' tale that self-abuse makes you crazy.



Past Tense

Back in the good old days, people did things with style and grace. Marriage proposals were made on bended knee, not over a bottle of beer in a disco. It took a lot of persuasion. This ardent suitor can't seem to get it through his hard head (pun intended) that his girlfriend needs some gentle persuading.



Cutting One in the Shower

"Norman, is that you?" is what Janet Leigh asked just before the knife attack in Alfred Hitchcock's thriller *Psycho*. If you're up to reliving a little bit of Hollywood in your own bathroom, you can order this shower curtain from Cactus on Rose (411 Rose Avenue, Venice, California 90291). It's sent C.O.D. at a cost of 25 bucks.

The shower curtain was designed by Cary Shulman, who also plans to market a model with a moldy design so you won't have to worry when your curtain gets cruddy. Another product Cary has in mind for the future will be splotches of blood, made out of rubber, to stick in the tub or shower to keep you from slipping.





Cheryl Ladd



Linda Ronstadt



Jaclyn Smith



Suzanne Somers

Million Dollar Mommas

Would you take a million bucks to pose for HUSTLER? We're offering each of these finalists of the Ten Most Wanted balloting 1 million clams apiece to pose HUSTLER-style and bare their beavers for you. They were each chosen by HUSTLER readers.

Once again our television twats dominate our Ten Most Wanted list. This year's runaway top vote-getter is Linda Ronstadt, who came in tenth the last time we presented the top ten. Linda was famous as a singer last time around; this time she's also a celebrity because of her well-publicized "friendship" with California's Governor Jerry Brown.

Runners-up this year are Cheryl Ladd, Jaclyn Smith, Suzanne Somers, Lynda Carter, Kate Jackson, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Raquel Welch, Dolly Parton and Marie Osmond.

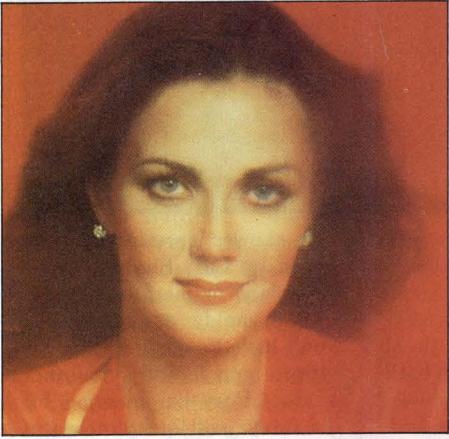
HUSTLER's editors feel there might be a problem if Marie Osmond accepts our million-dollar offer—we have serious doubts that she has a cunt. But we hope to find out.



Kate Jackson



Farrah Fawcett-Majors



Lynda Carter



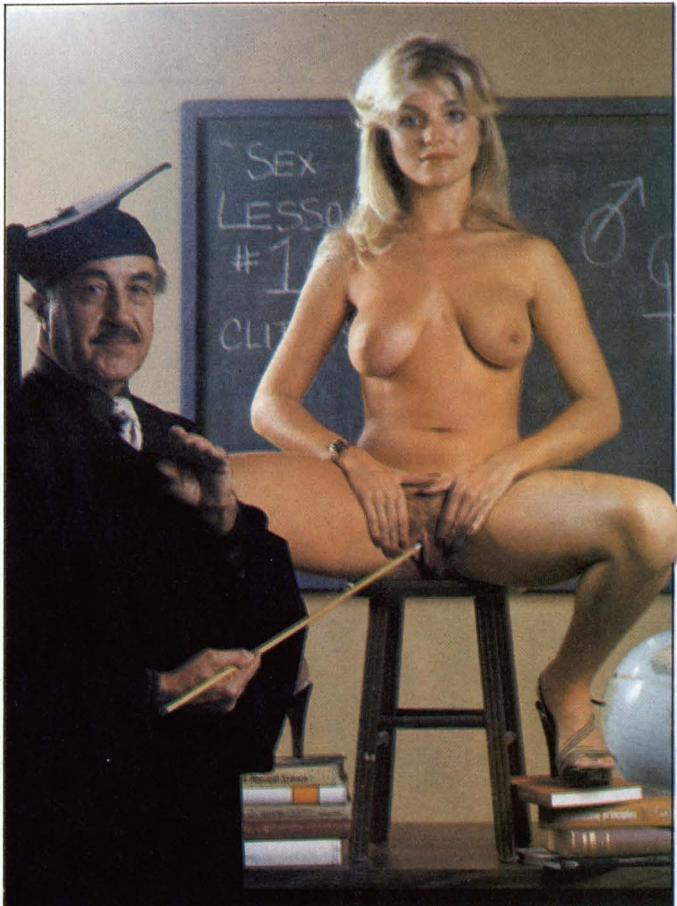
Raquel Welch



Dolly Parton



Marie Osmond



Get the Point?

Sex education sure has come a long way since most of us were in school. If sex was mentioned at all, it was when we were told that masturbation would make us weak and covered with pimples. But modern educators

have put sex right into the curriculum, along with history, mathematics and English. As demonstrated here, sex educators are pointing in the right direction as they teach our children the facts of life.

Letter to the Editor

Dear HUSTLER:

I live in New York City. As you probably know, our town is covered with dog shit. The City Council has been trying to get people to scoop up poop after their dogs crap, but it hasn't been working well. Now, I have an idea. I read in the paper that parts of New York are filled with fairies. So my idea is this: Why not have the fairies solve this terrible urban problem by turning dog shit into rats?

Sincerely,
Stanley Yablonski



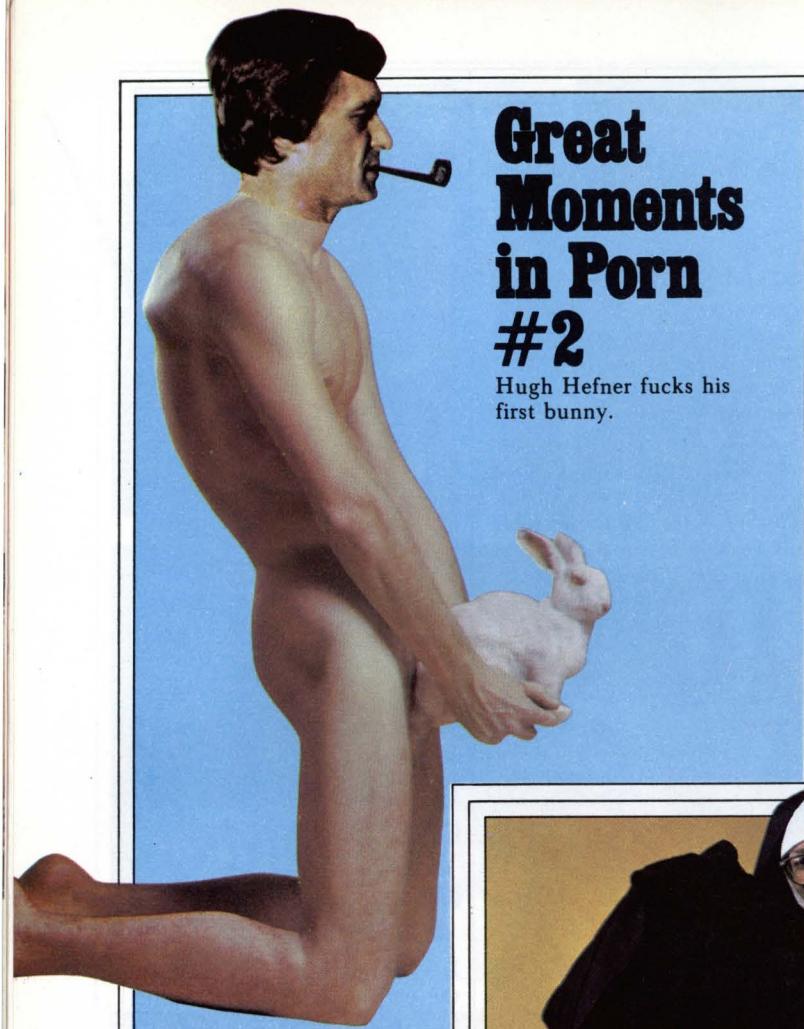
The Little Tramp

It was just about a year ago that the corpse of Charlie Chaplin was reported stolen from a Swiss cemetery. But, as this photograph shows, the Little Tramp—a jokester to the end—walked away from his coffin. Besides, it's hard to keep a good man down, and Charlie didn't think death was such a grave undertaking after all.

Down and Dirty

HUSTLER has finally got some dirt on CHIC, our sophisticated sister magazine. June's issue of CHIC will feature photographs of some downright dirty dolls engaged in what looks like a really sloppy mud fight. HUSTLER has had requests from fans for this kind of photo-feature, but CHIC beat us to the punch. We suggest that you dirty-minded readers pick up next month's CHIC at your local newsstand.





Great Moments in Porn #2

Hugh Hefner fucks his first bunny.



Sniff 'n' Snore

You'll remember Stacy, our famous Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold in the August 1977 HUSTLER. She's now the star of two porn films distributed by Leyland, Inc. (2106 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21231).



The films sell for 25 bucks apiece. One features her with Mr. Average White Guy, while the other has her with a stereotyped, well-hung black dude. We reviewed the films, and found them to be a bit of a bore.



Star Dreck

Talk about close encounters of the turd kind! Evidence is piling up that UFOs visit Earth because our planet is listed on Martian maps as an intergalactic rest stop. It looks like they shit from their ears, but we hope you readers still use Uranus.

Bush-Whacker

Let's not beat off around the bush. This reader is trying to tell us something: Despite the fact he seems to be losing his grip, he believes that one in the hand is worth two in the bush.



Change of Habit

The pope has asked nuns to stop wearing modern clothes

and to stick with their old habits. Here's one sister who doesn't look like she's about to change her habits at all. And what kind of undies do sisters wear beneath their habits, pray tell? Why, nun at all.



Help! We Need a Veg-O-Matic!

The Garden That Invaded Cleveland, a chilling horror movie, opens at theaters this month. The plot involves a creepy pack of vegpeople who try to squash humans, beating their victims, artichoking them and giving them cauliflower ears. Sounds corny, but it's frightening. One leader of the awful horde is a carrot with the brains of a potato. His goal is to take over the city and hand it over to Richard Milhous Eggplant.



You Don't Say!

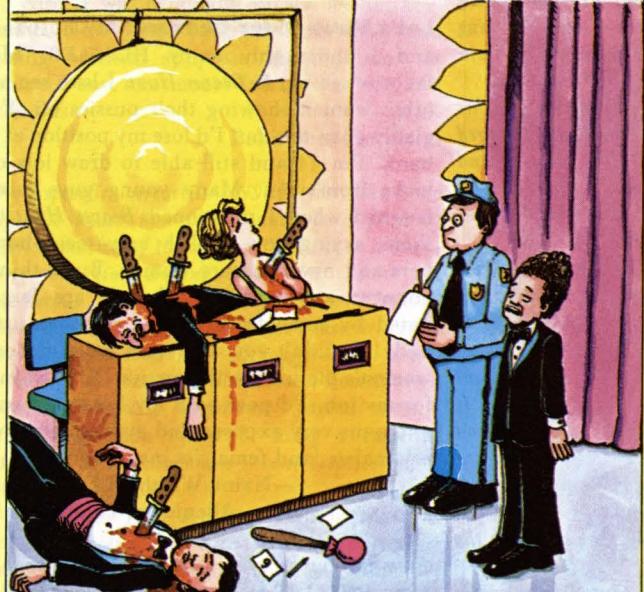
More than 50 years ago H. L. Mencken, one of America's top-

notch writers, allegedly made the following prediction:

"In those dark moments when I fear that the Republic has trotted before these weary eyes every carnival act in its repertoire, I cheer myself with

the thought that some day we will have a president from the Deep South. . . . The president's brother . . . will gather his loutish companions on the porch of the White House to swill beer from the bottle. . . . The president's cousin, LaVerne, will travel the Hallelujah circuit as one of Mrs. McPherson's soldiers in Christ, praying for the conversion of some Northern Sodom's most Satanic pornographer as she waves his work—well-thumbed—for all the yokels to gasp at. . . . The president's daughter will record these events with her box camera. . . . The incumbent himself, cleansed of his bumpkin ways by some of Grady's New South hucksters, will have a charm comparable to that of the leading undertaker of Dothan, Alabama."

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"It all started when they gonged the knife-throwing act."

Hustler Update

WOODY HAYES

October 1977



It came as no surprise to us when Woody Hayes was fired as head football coach at Ohio State University. Our October '77 Asshole proved on national TV that he truly is an asshole—by punching a Clemson University player who in the closing minutes of the Gator Bowl had intercepted a pass, ensuring an OSU defeat. Hayes also hit one of his own players. When we made Woody our Asshole, it was because of his public statements against sex and because he had threatened to punch Larry Flynt in the nose. There seems to be a clear connection here between sexual repression and violence.

GARNER TED

ARMSTRONG

December 1978

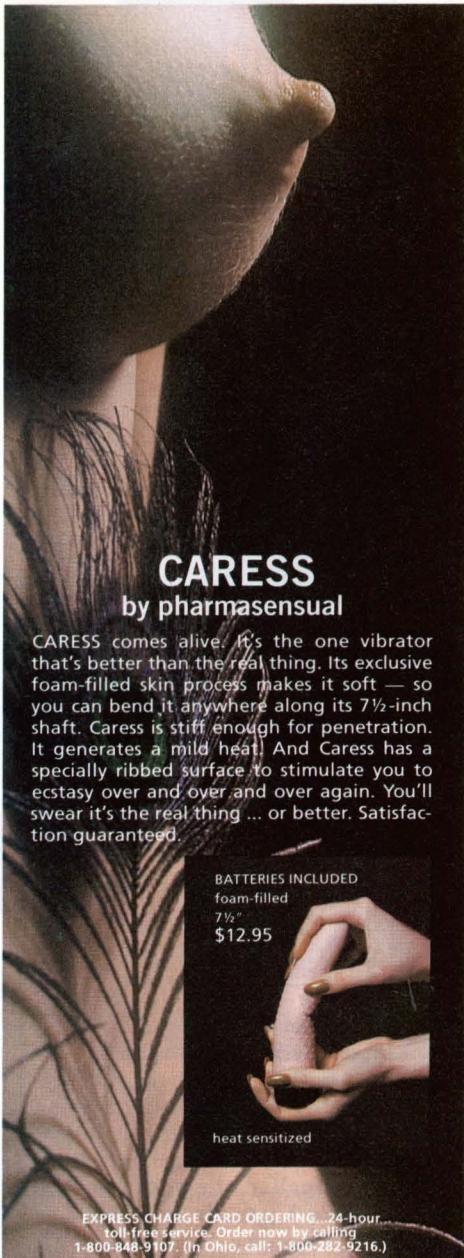


Since we last ran an update on Garner Ted Armstrong (when he was expelled from the Worldwide Church of God by his father, Herbert W.), events have again propelled the controversial church into the limelight.

Now the elder Armstrong finds himself and his organization in legal and financial hot water. The aging leader of the church has found his group's property records and bank-account information seized by California's attorney general, who is trying to find out what happened to tens of millions of dollars in church funds that appear to have "vanished." Church officials have said they will lead their flock out of California to a "safe haven."

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For May, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Jim Billings, Bob Kasey, James McCarthy, Glenn Monaghan, Danny Nelson, F. Newton, K. W. Rupert, John Savino, Dana Schaul and Stewart Stephens.

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(continued from page 12)

Washington. You give it to them right between the eyes. It's a shame to think some fuckhead shot Larry Flynt. In my eyes, Larry has more guts than anybody I know. Give 'em hell, Larry.

—David Newell
Middleburg, Florida

Well, Excuse-Use Us: I have always thought that one of HUSTLER's editorial policies was to expose hypocrisy wherever it was to be found. Either that's no longer true or you should give yourself an Asshole of the Month award. On page 22 of your February issue your *Advise & Consent* Editor, Vicki Scott, wrote: "The size of the cock is determined before birth by a man's genetic code. No contraption, cream or vacuum will make it grow larger permanently." Yet on page 111 of the same issue a Leisure Time Products ad proclaims, "You can build a longer, thicker penis." Last time I heard, Leisure Time was a direct subsidiary of HUSTLER.

—Steven G. Dietzer
Costa Mesa, California

Leisure Time Products is no longer affiliated with HUSTLER. Nonetheless, you've made a good point. However, there are two things to keep in mind: The device in question, the Vacuum Enlarger, may temporarily enlarge a limp penis, making it longer and thicker. Second, and more important, HUSTLER doesn't believe in censorship, even of our own advertisers, unless they are ripping off the public by selling fraudulent goods or services.

Ban the Bible? I "came" across the following goodies in a book the other day. To my knowledge this book has never been banned:

Now therefore kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves. (Numbers 31:17-18)

Wherefore David arose and went, he and his men, and slew of the Philistines two hundred men; and David brought their foreskins, and then gave them in full tale to the king, that he might be the king's son-in-law. (I Samuel 18:27)

And it came to pass in an evening tide, that David arose from off his bed and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent and enquired after the woman. And one said, Is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam and the wife of Uriah the Hittite? And David sent messengers, and took her; and she came in unto him and he lay with her. (II Samuel 11:2-4)

Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones. (Psalms 137:9)

For my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him. (John 6:55-56)

And yet indeed she is my sister; she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother, and she became my wife. (Genesis 20:12)

Then he said unto me, Lo, I have given thee cow's dung for man's dung, and thou shalt prepare thy bread therewith. (Ezekiel 4:15)

And it came to pass, as soon as Gideon was dead, that the children of Israel turned again and went a whoring after Baalim and made Baalberith their god. (Judges 8:33)

And when he was come into his house, he took a knife, and laid hold of his concubine, and divided her, together with her bones, into twelve pieces and sent her into all the coasts of Israel. (Judges 19:29)

And the Lord said, Like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign and wonder upon Egypt and Ethiopia; so shall the kings of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners, and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot, even with their buttocks uncovered, to the shame of Egypt. (Isaiah 20:3-4)

I will not punish your daughters when they commit whoredom, nor your spouses when they commit adultery: for themselves are separated with whores, and they sacrifice with harlots: therefore the people that doth not understand shall fall. (Hosea 4:14)

Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. (Matthew 18:8)

There you have it, folks—massacre, adultery, child abuse, cannibalism, incest, bestiality, idolatry, murder, nudity, fornication and self-mutilation. Jeepers, how can HUSTLER possibly compete with the Holy Bible? No wonder Larry Flynt is born again—look at all that excellent source material! Keep up your fine magazine.

—Anni Silberberg
Brooklyn, New York

Let's Have Older Beavers: My husband and I thoroughly enjoy HUSTLER. My favorite section is *Beaver Hunt*. I love seeing other women showing their pussies off. I'd gladly pose too, but I'd lose my position at a bank. I'm 44 and still able to draw lots of looks from men. Many young guys have laughed when I mentioned *Beaver Hunt* to them, saying you publish only teeny-boppers and never mature women. But I think younger and middle-aged men are fascinated by some features of a more mature body. Couldn't you add some more mature women's pictures to the section? If it wasn't for my job, I'd pose with my breasts, pussy and anus very exposed and available for every male's (and female's) inspection.

—Name Withheld by Request
Allentown, Pennsylvania

From the number of requests we get it's clear that many HUSTLER readers would like to see photos of older women. We've been trying to satisfy them. Meanwhile, we still pay \$1,500 for centerfold models, whether they're 18 or 80. 

ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. **Advise & Consent** is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, **Advise & Consent** Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Contact High: I like to smoke a little marijuana before having sex. It seems to get me relaxed and in the mood. Smoking too much makes me sleepy, however, so I'm careful about overdoing it. But grass makes my eyes itch and burn, so that I have to take out my contact lenses. Then I can't see my woman very well. What causes this irritation?

—J. K.
Los Angeles, California

Contact lenses have to float on the surface of the eye, and one's tears provide the necessary moisture. The smoke from marijuana inhibits the flow of tears, and this, in turn, causes the cornea to swell. According to Dr. Harry Hollander, in his book *The Consumer's Guide to Contact Lenses*, pot may even alter the chemistry of the lenses themselves. Check with your optometrist or ophthalmologist for the kind of eyedrops best suited for you. Or you might switch to wearing glasses while you're smoking grass and put your contacts back in when your eyes feel less irritated.

Origin Unknown: I recently contracted a condition known as non-specific urethritis. For the preceding five months I had had sex only with my girlfriend. Is it possible that anal intercourse could have been the cause? Or is it more likely that she caught it from someone else and transmitted it to me?

Also, I was originally prescribed tetracycline. Now I am taking Macrodantin and using urethral suppositories (Furacin). Is this the best treatment? It has been long and tedious.

—J. G.
Baltimore, Maryland

Non-specific urethritis (NSU), for which no specific cause has been found, is a form of inflammation of the urethra resulting in a burning sensation during urination. There are numerous causes of the affliction. Alcoholic beverages and certain foods can cause urination problems for some men, although sexual intercourse is the most prevalent cause. Sometimes a man will react to his partner's vaginal chemistry—the woman might be using a chemical douche, vaginal deodorant or contraceptive that a man may be sensitive to.

Sometimes NSU develops when sex patterns change. Excessive sex after periods of abstinence may lead to inflammation of the urethra. Of course, an unidentified microorganism may be responsible—perhaps introduced into your penis during anal sex. It's possible that your girlfriend

picked up the bug from someone else and passed it on to you (the symptoms don't always show up in women), but that's not necessarily the case.

Occasionally NSU is hard to cure, and it might flare up months or even years after its initial appearance. The normal treatment is antibiotics and short-term abstinence from alcohol and intercourse. Ask your girlfriend to have herself checked even if she doesn't have outward symptoms. And if you do have sex, use a condom. Don't get discouraged and give up on the medication. Other complications, such as an enlarged prostate or even arthritis, can develop if the inflammation is allowed to spread.

Dry Well: First off, I want to say that I'm not into drugs or booze. I simply get high on beautiful, naked women. But I can't seem to ejaculate whenever I want to. I'm just 18 years old, and I've only come about three or four times in my life. All these ejaculations occurred in bed while I was asleep. I masturbate and try to make my cum erupt, but it's no go. I don't even get a trickle. Any ideas as to what my problem could be? Or do I even have a problem?

—C. O.
Lindenhurst, New York

Your problem, which is often called "absent orgasm," is much the same as temporary impotence. Both conditions usually result from a men-

tal or emotional block. Sometimes a traumatic early sexual experience is responsible, while other times a childhood experience—such as being punished for masturbating or for having wet dreams (nocturnal emissions)—is the cause.

A young man your age normally has nocturnal emissions, but they should comprise only about 10 percent of your total orgasms. Masturbation should account for about half of all your orgasms.

The most widely suggested therapy for absent orgasm consists of concentrated efforts at masturbation or of having someone masturbate you. Discover (or let your partner discover) what you find most stimulating. Relax and don't try to hurry it. Erotic fantasies will also help you take your mind off the mechanics of your body's functioning. Invite the woman to fellate you—sensations of a woman sucking, licking or kissing your cock should bring intense pleasure and could eventually lead to orgasm. (But don't expect that you will be able to come in the woman's mouth or in her vagina for the first few times.)

Occasionally a disease such as diabetes is responsible for ejaculatory problems. If these sexual exercises don't help, see a physician.

Something Fishy: I hope you can help me with a real touchy problem—I'm embarrassed about cunt odor, especially during my menstrual period. And it is also a big problem during spontaneous sex. Even if



"She followed me home, Dad. Can I fuck her?"

ADVISE & CONSENT

I've anticipated a sexual encounter and cleaned myself well, once the passion juices start flowing, my natural, delicious odor becomes distasteful. Help! My pussy's reputation may be at stake.

—Z. P.

Chicago, Illinois

The odor you notice just before sex is a normal sign of sexual excitement. The vaginal walls secrete plenty of lubrication so that penile insertion is easier. The odor of that secretion mixes with the odors from the vagina. Nature planned that the scent should arouse your partner.

Soap and water is the best and safest answer. And while you're at it, forget that old myth about not bathing during your period. Be sure to change tampons or pads quite often, especially during the heaviest menstrual flow. Wear cotton panties—the natural fiber lets your skin "breathe." Steer away from pantyhose or tight slacks. If you must wear pantyhose, wear the kind with the cotton crotch. (Doctors have begun to call some vaginal problems "Pantyhose Diseases.")

The vagina is virtually self-cleaning, and chemicals, sprays and flavored douches only interfere with the natural process and can harm sensitive tissues. If you feel you must douche after your period or after frequent intercourse, use only water and vinegar or water and unflavored yogurt. These will retain the vagina's natural acidity.

If you've tried these things and you still notice a particularly stale odor, it may be a sign of vaginal infection and should be checked by a

physician or gynecologist. If, however, no one has complained, but you would feel better about things, wash yourself beforehand with a pre-moistened cloth, like those meant for cleaning babies. (Don't use the kind meant for hands, because the alcohol content in them is too strong for the vagina.) You can keep a package of them beside your bed for those spontaneous sessions. If you do your best to keep yourself clean, and no one mentions anything to you, then perhaps you're just oversensitive.

Show-off: I am a 21-year-old female who cannot reach an orgasm while having sex, but only while showing myself off to someone. Once a guy took pictures of my pussy, and he mentioned that he actually saw me come. But when we got down sexually, nothing happened. It's the same with all my boyfriends. Can you explain why I'm like this?

—L. L.

Boston, Massachusetts

Your method of exhibitionism (pseudoexhibitionism) is common and relatively safe from a legal standpoint. You're in the company of actors, actresses, exotic dancers and others who find great pleasure in showing off for the voyeurs behind the camera. You make your behavior lawful by doing it only for people who wouldn't report it to the police. (Not all that many men report female exhibitionism anyway—it seems to be more acceptable in our society than male exhibitionism.)

Exhibitionism is usually based on the psy-

chological problems of inadequacy and insecurity. That is, in youth the exhibitionist is often plagued with doubts and fears about his or her masculinity or femininity. Consequently, he or she turns inward and compensates for these imagined shortcomings, perhaps by acting out narcissistic (self-love) impulses.

But since this seems to be your only sexual outlet, you should seek professional help. A therapist can help you become more confident about yourself and more involved with other people. Therapists find that the prospects for curing your kind of exhibitionism are fairly good.

Friends and Family: My problem started about three months ago. An old drinking buddy of mine named Stan dropped by for a visit. We started to go out to a movie together, but instead wound up getting drunk. We were sitting in his car, both pretty horny. One thing led to another, and soon we wound up sucking each other off.

Another time Stan and I were having sex at my house when my sister walked in on us. She saw our red-hot cocks, and pretty soon she was naked and on her knees. She sucked both of us off.

Now I am in a terrible dilemma: I like having sex with guys, but I don't want to be a homosexual. Also, I've heard that it can be very troubling later in life if you've had an incestuous relationship.

—E. C.

Chicago, Illinois

Incest usually becomes a problem if it's been forced on an unwilling partner. It seems that your sister was invited to join your party and did so quite willingly.

You need not worry about that, it seems, as much as you should try to determine your sexual orientation. You don't have to label yourself as homosexual. But from the way you describe your preferences, it seems you're inclined toward homosexuality or bisexuality. If you need help determining where you're headed, try the Institute for Human Relations: Gay Peoples Counseling Center in Chicago.

Hard Labor: My wife caught me jacking off to a HUSTLER centerfold the other day. And now she says that I must eat her out every night. The underside of my tongue is so sore I can hardly talk. Would you please tell her that there is nothing sick about jacking off, and that it's unfair to give me such a stiff sentence?

—M. S.

Brighton, New York

There is nothing sick about masturbating, but we're sure that there are many incarcerated men who would be glad to trade sentences with you. Since it sounds as though you're willing to pay the penalty by going along with your wife's form of "punishment," you should try strengthening your tongue by exercising it. Touch it to the tip of your nose several times a day. You might also try one of those flavored, anesthetic love "potions" that are on the market. These work to deaden





"Uh, sorry, Doc. I had beans for lunch."

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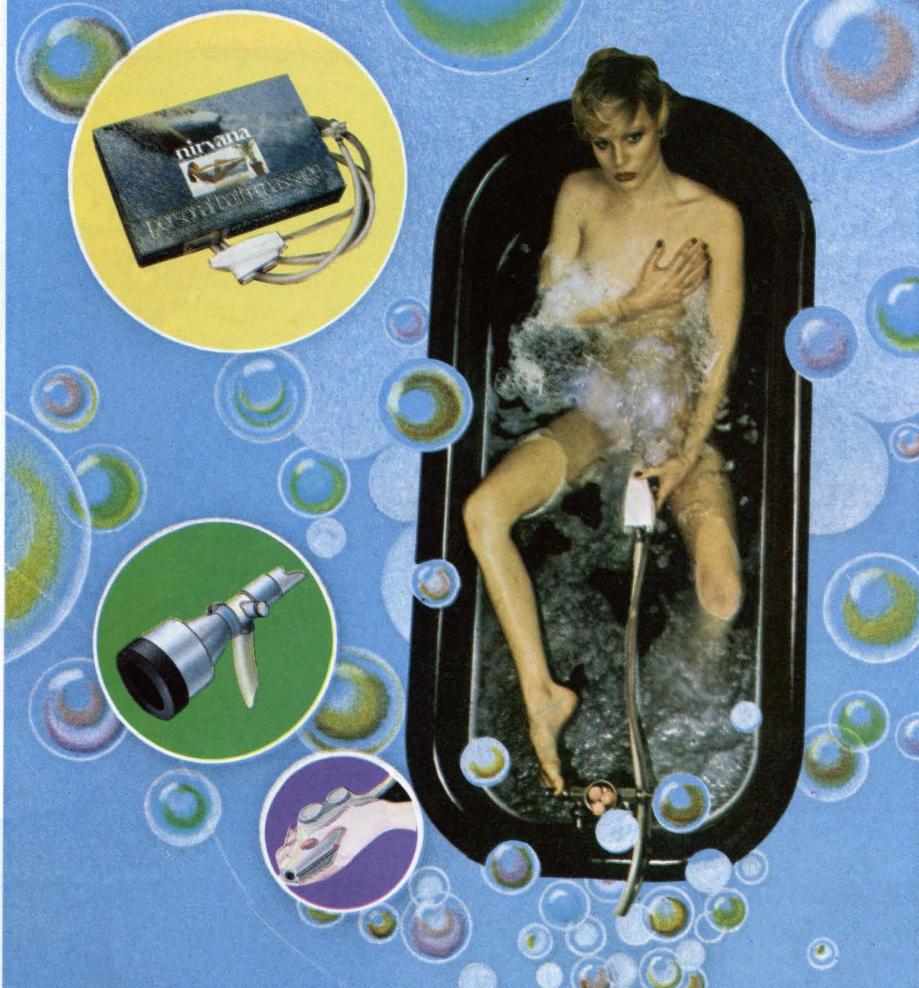
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• EASY TO USE...operating your NIRVANA is as easy to use as turning on your shower. Simply fill your tub until the NIRVANA is under water, turn on your shower faucet, and lay back and relax.

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nerve endings or lessen pain. If that doesn't help, ask your wife to suspend your sentence.

Swimming in Saliva: I love women's soft, pink feet and toes. My last girlfriend let me lick and suck her beautiful feet and ankles, and the smell and taste drove me wild. I like a woman who makes me kneel in front of her and pay homage to her whole body, to clean her with my tongue from her feet to her cunt. But it's hard to find a woman who likes to be bathed in this manner. Is there any place I can go to meet such a woman?

—P. S.
Lompoc, California

There are thousands of women who love getting and giving "around the worlds," as tongue baths are called. And even though you realize how much fun it might be, you must be persistent. But take care that you're not drooling all over the girl like a St. Bernard.

You apparently enjoy playing a masochistic "slave" who kneels and pays homage, so you've got to look for a woman who wants a bit more than just a "licking." If you can't find women who appreciate your adoration of the female body, check out the listings found in swingers' magazines and underground tabloids.

Time for Milk: My wife and I are adopting a child, who will be born soon. We already have three children, two of whom were breast-fed. They are very loving and good-natured, but the child who was bottle-fed has behavioral problems.

We would like our new arrival to be well-mannered, and my wife would like to nurse the baby so she could almost feel as if the child were really her own. Is there any way for my wife to induce her mammary glands to produce milk?

—F. W.

San Francisco, California

It is true that breast-feeding is preferred as the safest and most natural method of providing a baby with nourishment. And it is enjoyable and rewarding for both mother and infant. But don't believe that a baby will have a different personality merely because it was bottle-fed. What is important in a child's early development is the physical contact (called "bonding") between parents and child. The child must be held so that an intimate, warm and caring relationship is demonstrated.

Your wife will not be able to establish this bond through breast-feeding, since the secretion of milk is triggered by the hormone prolactin, which is released by the pituitary gland just before childbirth. In a normal, healthy woman, pregnancy is necessary before lactation can begin—although it can continue for years afterward if the breasts are sufficiently stimulated.

If you are really insistent that the baby be breast-fed, at least for a short time, you can place advertisements in newspapers for a "wet nurse"—a woman who has recently given birth and is still lactating. She would act as a surrogate mother. Or contact La Leche League International for names of women who might offer their services in this fashion.

EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER*'s reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Hot Honey

I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the screenplay for this piece of New York porn was written in the monkey house of the Bronx Zoo and passed on to the producers through the bars at the rate of a banana a page. Actually, a cageful of monkeys would be infinitely more entertaining than *Hot Honey*. When monkeys fuck, they usually have a good time—whereas most of *Hot Honey*'s participants look and sound as if they missed their last feeding.

Heather Young, the Honey of the title, has had a series of bit parts in other films under a variety of names. In this, her first feature role, she portrays a sexy virgin who first loses her maidenhead to her brother, then takes to sex the way fluff-job porn producers take to money.

It all starts at the apartment of her boyfriend Johnny (Jack Hammer). She refuses to ball him because he doesn't understand her needs. Undaunted, Johnny calls a neighboring housewife (Robin Bird), who obliges him with some fairly erotic anal sex. Meanwhile, Honey visits her girlfriend, Sarah (Simone Sinclair), for some "understanding," which translates into some most unvirginlike lesbian activity.



Simone Sinclair and Bill Berry are featured in 'Honey'—a product so weak it should be returned to the bees.

This scene, which is not all that interesting to begin with, is further marred by poor technical quality and dubbed-in sound, neither of which do anything to enhance its erotic value.

Honey then goes home, where she lives with her brother Michael (Jamie Gillis), who is confined to a wheelchair. His sexy-blond nurse (Serena) obviously received her medical training in a dungeon for submissive males. She has her patient trussed in handcuffs and a cock-leash, and puts him through a mild set of masochistic exercises.

Later she invites Honey to

join in, which she does rather too quickly for a sensitive virgin. The threesome that follows is the highlight of the film, thanks to the foxiness of the participants and the natural screen chemistry between Gillis and Serena. (It's novel to see Gillis—porn's premier sadist—in a masochist's position for a change.) However, even this scene is impaired by faulty camera work.

Now that her brother has copped her cherry, Honey backtracks and balls both her boyfriend and Sarah's husband—with absolutely no plot buildup to separate the scenes.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	ERECTION
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
	HALF ERECT
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT
	TOTALLY LIMP

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

But then, nothing else in this film makes sense, so why should the ending be any different?

Hot Honey manages to produce an ounce or two of eroticism in spite of itself, particularly in the scene with Serena and Gillis. But, for the most part, this honey is so thin and weak that it should be returned to the bees for a full refund.

Blue Perfume

Blue Perfume may well be the first British hard-core film to be released in the U.S. If the flick is typical of the quality of most porn from England, then let's hope it's also the last. While it's of some small comfort to know that mediocre movie eroticism is an international problem, *Blue Perfume* is a double disappointment: The high-quality production values we associate with straight British films are totally wasted here, and that famed English kinkiness is rendered as stale and unappetizing as a month-old kipper. In fact, it took a 20-minute costume-orgy finale to earn this flick even a quarter-erect rating.

At the start I thought I was in for a unique experience. After all, the film is set in London, the players are British, and

it was an interesting change to hear voices with English accents say "bum" and "cock." But the sense of uniqueness was soon crowded out by the mind-numbing ridiculousness of the production. The actors recite their lines as if they were reading them from cue-cards. And what lines! I can't recall a film that earned more sarcastic hoots of derision from a preview audience than this one.

The story line of this Limey lemon concerns the manager of a perfume company, John (Peter Halcombe), who's hustling to promote his outfit's latest fragrance: Formula 69. Included in his plan is a media campaign that will use the talents of his mistress, a *revue artiste*—that's Queen's English for stripper. Her name (here and in real life) is Dawn Starr, and the executive wants to use her to sell the perfume on television. John's boss is Madame La Bianca (Margo Neal), a sadistic blonde who struts around in black leather and flays the air with a riding crop.

In between such swishings she's getting it on with John's wife Susan (Rena Brown) and a jealous employee, Greta (Monique Deveraux). Meanwhile, someone is trying to deep-six the new scent by sabotaging the plant and attempting to kill John. Who can it be?!

The plot keeps thickening until it becomes sickening. John's wife is strangled in one of the most unintentionally funny scenes in film history, and her demise is the cue for the entrance of a Scotland Yard-type detective. After examining the corpse he solemnly pronounces, "This is your wife—and she's dead!" The audience nearly blew lunch at that one.

Blue Perfume is a classic example of inept filmmaking. None of the players can act his or her way out of a package of English muffins, and the sex scenes are inserted into the story with an almost unbelievable clumsiness. Part of the problem here lies with the camera work. Time after time the zoom lens rockets giddily into one extreme close-up of genitals after another. The result of these sudden, unjustified camera movements is to render the sexuality of the scenes stomach-

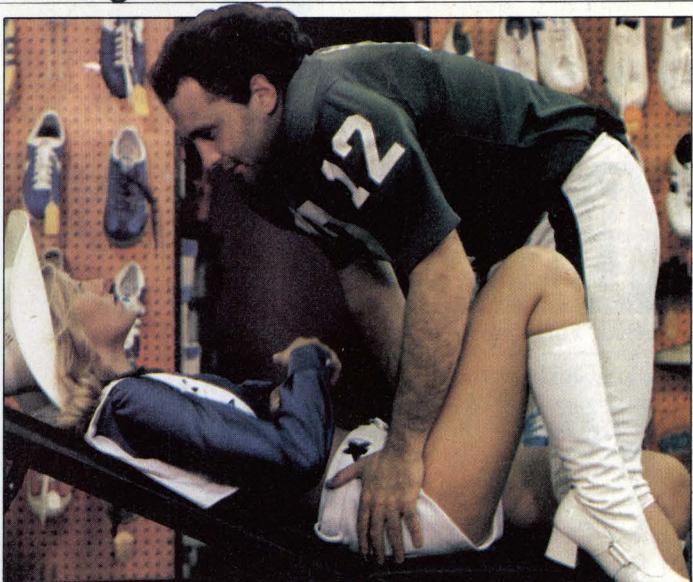
churning and anonymous.

If the film has one saving grace, it lies in the final costume-orgy scene, involving interracial fucking, a little S&M and a whole heap of group couplings. But it is a case of too little and too late. *Blue Perfume* should be dumped into the waters of Boston Harbor. And the next time someone says, "The British are coming," make like Paul Revere and ride like hell to warn your friends of impending boredom.

Debbie Does Dallas

What we have here is a number of girls who can't act worth a lick, but who can lick together a pretty good act. *Debbie Does Dallas*—modeled after the highly successful *Teenage Cheerleaders*—is brimming with blow jobs given by "teenage" sexpots and cheerleaders. True, the film is a rush-job, produced to cash in on a current news event, and as such it's not nearly as well-made as its predecessor.

Nevertheless, *Dallas* is a fairly erotic film, and the reason for its eroticism (the reason, in fact, for the film itself) is one Miss Bambi Woods—who the producers claim was once a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader (an association denied by the football team, however). If so, she is the first of that troupe to appear in



Richard Bolla makes a first down on Bambi Woods in 'Dallas.'

an X-rated film. As a prime, all-American, girl-next-door beauty, Bambi Woods is the best-looking blonde to hit porn since Marilyn Chambers.

In the opening scene high-school cheerleader Debbie Benson (Woods) gets selected to try out for the cheerleading squad of a professional football team, and the rest of the girls in her school squad take part-time jobs to earn the money to tag along with her on the trip. When the jobs fail to provide enough money, the girls take matters into their own hands, mouths and pussies.

Although the teenage years are just a memory for most of these actresses, about half of

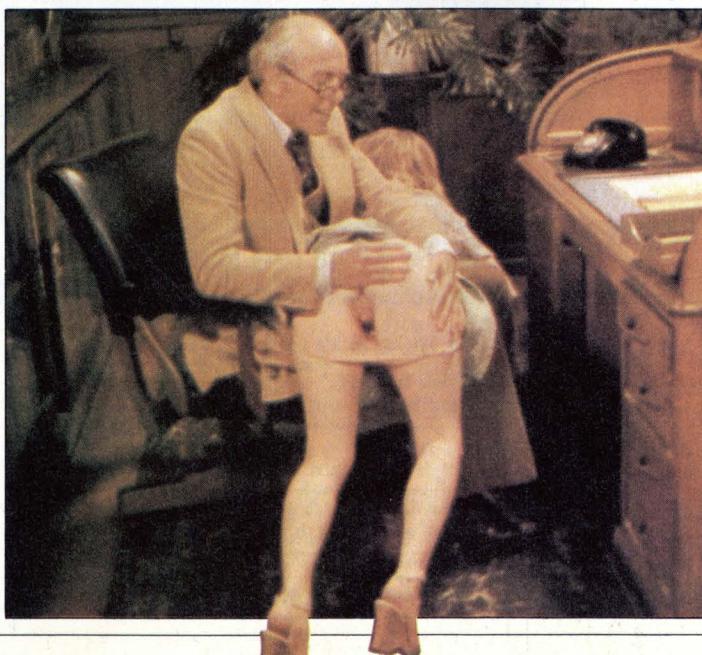
them are attractive enough to hold the viewer's interest. As a consequence, about half of the sex scenes are also interesting.

For example, the school librarian—played by Jake Teague—catches one of the girls (Merle Michaels) administering an energetic blow job to her boyfriend. The librarian promptly blackmails her into participating submissively in his own particular fetish, and delivers a firm spanking to her finely tuned ass. In another scene a foxy brunette named Lisa (Georgette Sanders) is the ball-girl for a couple playing tennis. Afterward she accompanies them to a sauna for some hot and sweaty action.

But where has Bambi Woods been during all these sexual shenanigans? Unfortunately, the producers held her hardcore showcase until the final scene. Throughout the film she is shown cockteasing Mr. Greenfeld (Richard Bolla)—the lecherous owner of a sporting-goods store—until he offers to pay all expenses for the cheerleaders' trip.

Finally, Debbie shows up in the store, dressed in her "Dallas Cowgirl" outfit. Greenfeld, wearing a football uniform, jumps out of a corner, with his rigid cock pointing straight up at Cheerleader Heaven. A cute idea, it still left the audience wishing they had seen more of Miss Woods. If she doesn't change her mind about appearing in X-rated films, I'm sure we will see more of her.

'Debbie Does Dallas' is a fairly erotic film despite being a rush-job.



Pussycat Ranch

Sometimes when porn producers feel that they have an exceptional product, they spring for a few bucks and ply a preview audience with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres prior to the screening. This was the case with *Pussycat Ranch*, and one of the hors d'oeuvres—a combination pizza/quiche—prophetically tipped off the audience to the faults of the film.

Now, pizza/quiche may be unique, but it is not very tasty. Likewise, *Pussycat Ranch* is the first disco-western porn parody. But while the flick is unique, it's not very good.

As usual with most porn spoofs, most of the laughs are unintentional. *Ranch* is supposed to have parodied western melodramas, and a degree of care is shown in the creation of a western, period-piece locale. The actors mouth cowboy cliches, ride horses and carry six-guns. Even the soundtrack is passable country and western, with a lot of acoustic guitar—that is, until the hero's first sex scene, when, inexplicably, it changes to disco! (The audience was convulsed with laughter by this.) The scene involves Arcadia Lake—the only real fox in the film—but the sudden musical shift turns the erotic into the laughable.

The action takes place mainly at a ranch belonging to Ma Belle (Molly Malone). She and her three daughters—Candi, Randi and Andi (Samantha Fox, Daisey Mae and Colleen



Arcadia Lake offers some udder to cowpoke Eric Edwards in 'Ranch.'

Anderson, respectively)—are beset with financial woes. Their submortal farmhand Johnboy (Roger Caine) wants to leave because he hasn't been paid. The girls work him over in the hayloft, and that takes care of that. But then the local banker, Dastardly Don Juan (Allstyne Von Busch), comes for the mortgage money—and, of course, Ma doesn't have it.

But wait! The good guys—in the form of Billy the Kid and his sidekick Snake (Eric Edwards and Joey Civera)—gallop in to save the day, if not the film. Bill, after some disco-fucking with the banker's daughter, stumbles onto Ma's property. He and Snake fuck

Ma's daughters and decide to hang around. (The girls will happily fuck anything in sight at the drop of a ten-gallon hat.)

The sex in *Pussycat Ranch* is fucking-oriented, and there's plenty of it. But the film is underexposed throughout, and the sex scenes are unimaginative carbon copies of each other. Apart from Arcadia Lake, the girls aren't much to look at. Add to that the inappropriate disco music, and the result is a film with minimal erotic payoff.

Meanwhile, back at the story, the women and Billy decide to open a whorehouse in order to get out of hock. Of course, the business is a big success, and

'Pussycat Ranch' is the first

disco-western parody... it's also a film with minimal erotic payoff.



Dastardly Don gets his due.

Ranch is neither very funny nor much of a turn-on. Its failings are due equally to the lame script and to the fact that none of the players, with the exception of Molly Malone, has enough talent to pull off even a parody. Like pizza/quiche hors d'oeuvres, *Pussycat Ranch* is not likely to catch on.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

All About Gloria Leonard
Bad Penny
Desires Within Young Girls
Erotic Adventures of Candy MisBehavin'

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Anna Obsessed
Another Love, Another Place
Candy Stripers
Fiona on Fire
Happy Holiday
People
Pretty Peaches
Sensual Encounters of Every Kind
Sex World
The Other Side of Julie
The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
Here Comes the Bride
Hot Cookies
Invasion of the Love Drones
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
Pizza Girls
Skin Flicks
Take Off
The China Cat
The Senator's Daughter
The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

From Holly With Love
Nite Bird

Totally Limp

Daddy

BOOKS

The
Oswald File

By Michael Eddowes; Ace Books; \$1.95

Last February, HUSTLER published a condensation of *The Gemstone File*, a theoretical analysis of the events that led to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The author of *Gemstone*, Bruce Roberts, believed that Lee Harvey Oswald was part of a team of four Mafia/CIA/Castro-inspired hit men and that the late Aristotle Onassis controlled them all.

The Oswald File brings a quite different set of interpretations to those tragic events of 1963. Michael Eddowes is a renowned British legal investigator. After looking into Oswald's background for 14 years, Eddowes concluded that the real ex-Marine Oswald disappeared shortly after his arrival in the Soviet Union in 1959 and that the man who killed Kennedy in Dallas was Oswald's double—a lone assassin and a trained member of Department 13, the sabotage-and-assassination squad of the Soviet Committee for State Security (KGB).

On the basis of information given to the CIA by a Russian defector (Major Anatoli Golitsin) in 1962—and recently disclosed to the public by that agency—Eddowes narrates how the Soviet secret police (MVD) planned to assassinate Nixon, if he became president, as far back as 1959. After Kennedy, not Nixon, was elected in 1960, the young president stood up to Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev's demands over West Berlin, and later won a resounding psychological and political victory over the Russian leader at the time of the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. The assassination plot was then reactivated; Kennedy's strong stand on Cuba would cost him his life.

The basic ingredients of the MVD plot, according to Eddowes, are the following: A young American serviceman—unmarried and a marksman of

reasonable skill—would be persuaded to visit the USSR at the end of his military hitch. He would have to have some interest in Soviet affairs without being a bona fide Communist, and be of average height and features, thus making it comparatively easy for the Soviets to find a lookalike.

After entering Russia he would be seized and "studied" before being quietly disposed of. The double would take his place, and stay in the Soviet Union for two or three years, gradually perfecting the background, speech patterns and handwriting of the original. Then he would return "home," kill the president and, in the process (as Eddowes writes), "deliberately leave behind him a confusing trail of evidence not only concealing his Soviet identity but suggesting that there was a second man involved and that they were both operating on behalf of Cuba's Fidel Castro."

A small problem with Eddowes's argument is one of chronology. If Oswald was kidnapped in 1959, the reactivation of the plot would have had to have occurred *prior* to this; it could not logically have been postponed until the Cuban Missile Crisis made Nikita Khrushchev mad enough to want to kill his adversary. But the author's handling of the major points is both well-researched and well-argued.

He effectively introduces and explains the issues of Oswald's fingerprints, his childhood mastoidectomy scar (no mention of it is made in the Dallas coroner's autopsy report), his height and how the impostor was able to fool both Oswald's mother and brother.

The reconstruction of the impostor's life as Oswald in Russia is compared to the famous diary that "Oswald" kept at the time and that was such a significant factor in the Warren Commission's conclusions. Eddowes's finding: The diary is a fake, carefully prepared by Soviet intelligence.

Of all the assassination books and articles that have flooded the market since John Kennedy's death, *The Oswald File* is one of the least hysterical and most persuasive. Thirty-two

black-and-white photographs illustrate Eddowes's thesis, together with reproductions of the diary and other documents crucial to the case.

The Oswald File represents only one theoretical approach to the intrigue and treachery surrounding JFK's death. Further research, combined with the release of documents and evidence still under lock and key in the National Archives, will be necessary before the full truth is known. —M.S.

Hamilton's
Movie Bilitis

Photography by David Hamilton; Cameragraphic Press; \$24.95

David Hamilton, billed on the flyleaf of this book as one of the world's "four masters of erotic photography" (who are

the other three?), made his reputation by filling expensive books with soft-focus shots of teenage beauties and peddling them with titles like *La Danse*.

Now we have *Hamilton's Movie*, which can best be described as "another Hamilton book"—a gauzy piece of soft-core fluff. This overpriced self-indulgence concerns itself with the photographer's first movie, *Bilitis*. Based on Pierre Louys' *Les Chansons de Bilitis*—the film (according to the book) "is the story of a young girl gradually responding to her awakening desires."

Hamilton's photographs are diffuse, gentle and soft—in other words, blurry. The actors and actresses were chosen for their flawless features and the manner in which they blend with the decor of French castles and classic automobiles. Most

Hamilton's preoccupation is the mediocre artiness of TV commercials.





'Bilitis': overpriced self-indulgence.

of the time they're either leaning against colonnades or sitting around in plush chairs. If the film on which the book was based has a plot, these photos certainly don't reveal it.

Hamilton made his reputation as art director of England's snobbish *Queen* magazine, and his photos have appeared in international journals like *Vogue*, *Playboy* and *Lui*—all of which specialize in being extraordinarily tasteful. And that seems to be the problem. His photographic preoccupation is with the kind of tasteful and mediocre artiness that you might associate with TV commercials for perfume or luxury cars.

Although he stresses naturalness, there is nothing natural or easygoing about the way in which he presents his ornate models. Hamilton is simply a snob's idea of what a pornographer should be. —*Jim Dawson*

The Violent Sex

By Laurel Holliday; Bluestocking Books; \$4.95

Laurel Holliday's contention in *The Violent Sex* is that *all* men are biochemically wired for murder, genocide and sex-related violence. This statement will make perfect sense to those people who assume that jerking off causes blindness. In short, only the Green Berets of mili-

tant feminism will swallow these near-hilarious findings, despite Holliday's extensive research and fancy footnoting.

It's entirely possible that the author's scholastic zeal was her biggest stumbling block. In one well-documented chapter she tells us that a male squirrel monkey will shake his rigid pectoral in another monkey's face for one of three purposes: to declare dominance over another male, to signal his intent to assault a male or to sexually approach the female. But where's the correlation with 20th-century man? Holliday offers no clue as to why Secretary of State Cyrus Vance doesn't haul out his penis to declare our dominion over the Russians.

Holliday's fallacy is identical to the one in Stanley Kubrick's film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Just because killer apes pounded each other's scrotums into jelly 30,000 years ago doesn't mean that man's biochemistry is innately evil. We're finally realizing that ignorance—not heredity—leads to the ill-informed conclusion that sex and violence are inseparable twins.

The author gloats over the fact that boys born with an extra Y chromosome run a higher-than-normal risk of becoming ax murderers after puberty. But this is a genetic deformity (diagnosed decades ago) and has no bearing whatsoever on the behavioral patterns of normal men possessing one X and one Y chromosome. Perhaps all the hubbub about the Extra-Chromosome Male was conceived as a smoke screen to keep men from examining closely the data about *female* biochemistry.

To cite some of Holliday's own evidence, the percentage of murders committed by women in the United States has risen noticeably since 1974. And what about those two would-be presidential assassins, Squeaky Fromme and Sara Jane Moore? Holliday dredges up these damning examples, and then sloughs the whole thing off as an overdue reaction to our "sick" male culture.

Since *The Violent Sex* is one of the most outrageously biased hatchet-jobs ever directed at

the male gender, it comes as no surprise that the book includes an appendix entitled "How to Have a Girl," based on the research of Dr. Sophia Kleegman and Dr. Landrum Shettles. These two have come up with a "recipe" for gradually ridding the world of men. They are convinced that a woman has an 85-percent chance of conceiving a girl if she (a) douches with vinegar and water before hopping into bed, (b) steadfastly avoids orgasm and (c) convinces her lover to jack off before intercourse so his sperm count will be lower. If that sounds like "progressive" lovemaking to you, then *The Violent Sex* is must reading.

—*Larry McClain*

beat the shit out of themselves (and who probably just did).

The style of most of the pictures is "photo-realism"—some are posed, some are not—of the gay world and its inhabitants and playthings. For straight males, perhaps the most useful shot in the book is the one depicting a chart of the "S&M Hanky Color Code." For instance, if a chance acquaintance in a bar is wearing an orange hanky in his back right pocket, you'll be relieved to know that it signifies "nothing right now." But watch out if he switches it to his *left* pocket; that means he's suddenly gotten horny, and he's ready for "anything, anytime!"

A few criticisms must be leveled, however. While photo credits are given, no mention is made of time, place or subject, so that the entire book becomes a whirling kaleidoscope of overly similar images that are difficult to catalog, and therefore difficult to react to intelligently. And the more sadistic photos could have revealed at least a little blood. ☣

'Gay Picture Book' is a whirling kaleidoscope of gay stereotypes.

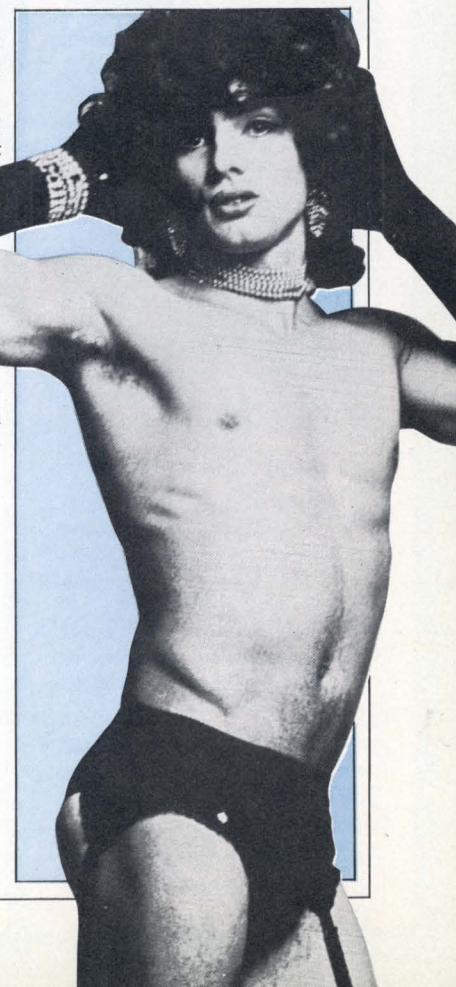
The Gay Picture Book

Edited by Michael Emory; designed by Carl Barile; Contemporary Books, Inc.; \$8.95

Why review a book about gays in *HUSTLER*? First, we don't believe in the suppression of sexual material of *any* kind, particularly if it's educational. Second, it should be clear to all knowledgeable adults that the more heterosexuals know about homosexuals, the better they'll understand their *own* sexuality. Unfortunately, you're not going to find the words of *Picture Book* very enlightening. There aren't too many, and they're mostly "cute." But readers who walk on wild sides other than New York's Christopher Street or San Francisco's Castro Street might still find many of these photos intriguing—they're that good.

The gay ass fills page after page—packed tight into black leather, loosely swathed in U.S. Army surplus, or naked and tattooed with "U.S. Government-Inspected Grade A Prime."

We meet all the gay stereotypes: the dickie-shirted queen; the chic designer; the sorry-eyed lesbian; the T-shirted swaggers of Hollywood; the bikini boys of Muscle Beach. And we also meet the studded and muscular chain-wearers, who look as if they just



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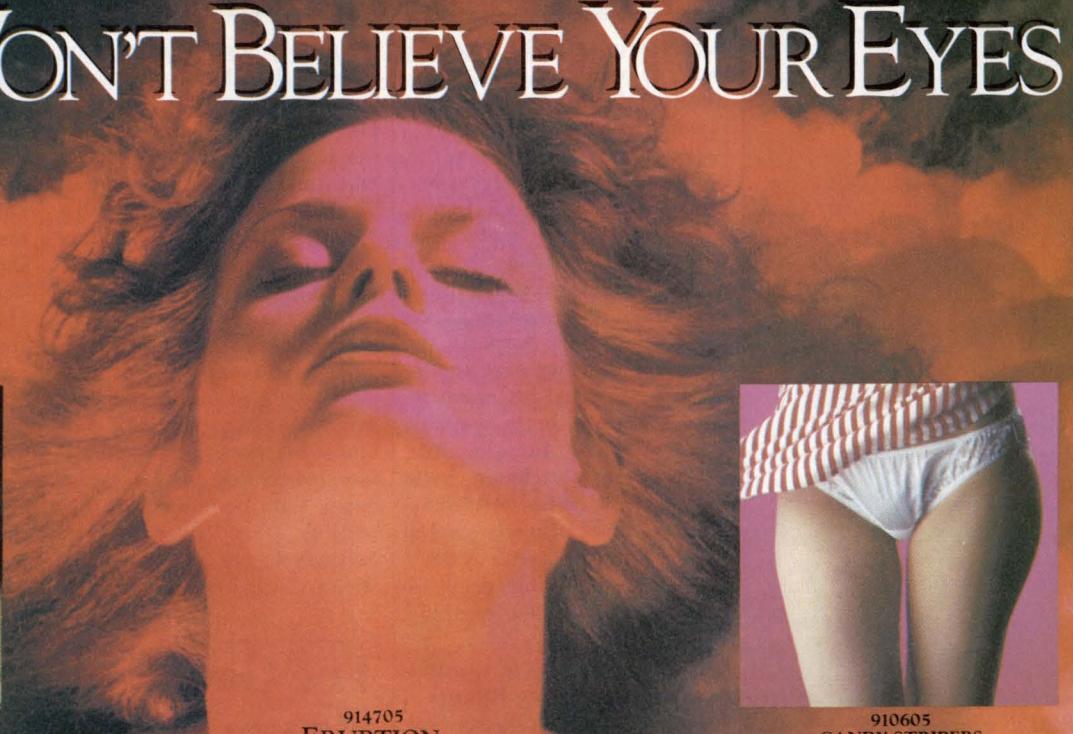
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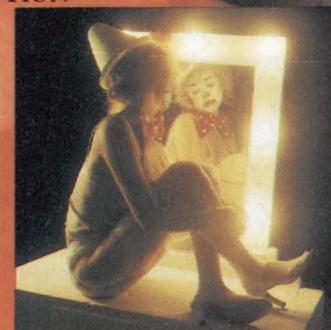
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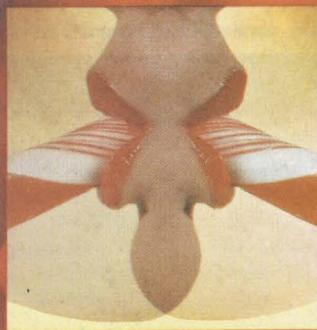
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SEXPLAY

by R. Rubino

At one time or another we have all wished we had some surefire pill or potion that would not just turn on that chick we were interested in, but drive her purely mad with lust and passion. Some of us have also wanted to turn ourselves into super-studs so potent, so virile, that we would ruin that chick for normal men, and make her ours alone.

But does a wish-granting genie called Aphrodisiac really live in that bottle of Spanish fly, ginseng or Mexican damiana?

Technically, an aphrodisiac is anything that helps to increase one's sexual power. But most of us think of the term as meaning an almost-magical substance that makes the difference—instantly—between impotently fucking your fist and having your cock milked orgasmically dry by the wet cunt or mouth of your choice.

However, while there are a number of items available that can augment one's sexual performance, none of them really acts as an instant turn-on in the full sense of the word. The *mind* is the most potent aphrodisiac of them all, and when erotic thoughts are accompanied by a healthy body and a loving partner, so-called aphrodisiacs are merely the icing on the cake. Of course, icing makes most any cake better!

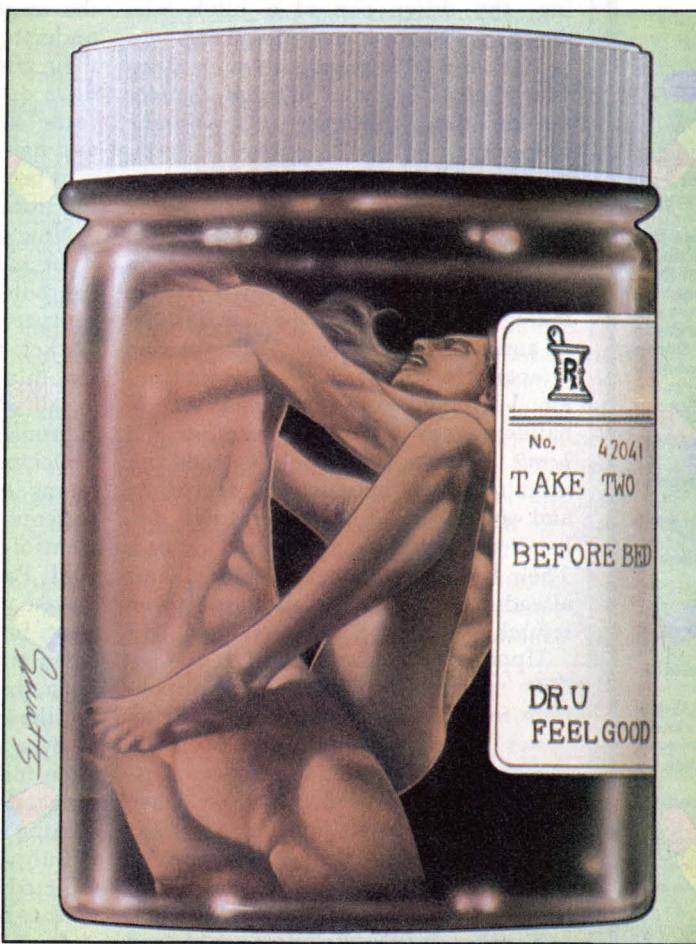
We can break down a study of the more common sexual "frostings" into four categories—irritants, intoxicants, new chemicals, and diet and exercise.

Irritants: The three most-talked-about irritants are Spanish fly (or cantharides), ginseng root and yohimbe. As irritants, all three produce a certain amount of itch, but not necessarily the genuine desire to scratch that makes sex so enjoyable.

Spanish fly, made from ground-up Spanish beetles, irritates all mucous membranes, including the urinary tract, causing inflammation of the penis and a maddening itch in the female's urethra.

In the male, Spanish fly can some-

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



APHRODISIACS

times inspire the mistaken notion that some kind of healthy friction—like fucking—will bring relief. That same form of friction might be appealing to the female as well, but a large dose of "fly" for the female can produce pain and an inherent dryness that actually makes fucking undesirable. In fact, for both male and female a stiff fuck really does nothing to relieve the irritation caused by Spanish fly before the drug wears off. The most powerful of the irritant aphrodisiacs, Spanish fly unfortunately poses the constant risks of pain, permanent damage to the urinary tract, intestines and kidneys, and death. Definitely *not* recommended. (Incidentally, true

Spanish fly made from cantharides—the Spanish beetles—cannot be purchased even by prescription.)

Ginseng root, while not as powerful as Spanish fly, also acts by irritating the urinary canal and causing itching. This "aphrodisiac" is made from the ground-up root of the ginseng plant, but the wise herbalist seeks out ginseng for its leaves, which make a tasty and relaxing tea. (The variety of ginseng plant prized by the ancient Chinese as a medicinal herb has all but disappeared due to commercial exploitation.)

Yohimbe, extracted from the bark of the West African yohimbine tree, is an alkaloid powder that affects the bloodstream and blocks the sympathetic nervous system (nerves that control the glands and smooth muscles such as the heart). When snorted like cocaine it can cause the penis to become blood-engorged—which is, of course, the biological description of a hard-on.

While sometimes successful in helping those with psychological impotence to overcome their problem, yohimbe is dangerous for those suffering from physical impotence because of its nerve-blocking or anesthetic properties. It can also induce nausea, especially if food is consumed within hours of snorting it. Instead of getting a rock-hard penis between your legs, you might just vomit in your lap.

Obviously, anything that acts to irritate the system isn't good for it, regardless of the immediate, short-term effects. And, ultimately, the sexual high that might result is no better than what good technique and care could bring to the act anyway. In effect, by using an irritant you may be deluding yourself or your sex partner by taking a dangerous and unnecessary shortcut.

Intoxicants: This category includes alcohol and other depressants, plus hallucinogens and stimulants both legal and illicit. Incidentally, drug abuse for sexual purposes certainly exists; the problem

But, we repeat, research on these two drugs is not conclusive. Whether they act to irritate the genital area or act as more organic inducers of heightened sexuality has still not been determined.

These drugs have been used to treat disease, and may increase the sex drive merely by returning good health to the body. And since sex is at the least a physical act, a healthy body plays an important role in a healthy sex life.

Diet and Exercise: It is becoming increasingly obvious in this chemical age that a good natural diet and regular exercise are necessary to ensure good health. Yet it is somewhat ironic that the virtues of organic food in a balanced diet and of a regimen of aerobic (heart-strengthening) exercises like jogging and swimming have been recognized for literally thousands of years. We have simply rediscovered in the latter half of this century some of the truths that our forebears recognized as natural laws.

It is equally obvious that a healthy body is the prerequisite for a healthy sex life. You're just not going to feel very horny if you are sick, undernourished or ruining your digestive tract with a diet of preservative-laden junk food.

Throughout history most aphrodisiacs and love potions were made from natural sources. Recipes from *The Kama Sutra*, *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*, *The Perfumed Garden* and other ancient tracts incorporate foods high in protein, minerals, vitamins and enzymes.

One of the most natural and organic sex foods noted in many ancient texts is *honey*, which provides not only the important elements listed above but also contains the trace element zinc, necessary for the good health of the prostate—a gland that controls the physical sex drive in men. Without enough zinc a man's testosterone (hormone) level will be low. *Oysters, herring, wheat germ, onions and eggs* are other zinc fortifiers.

Unpasteurized milk is full of protein and vitamin B-12. A glass of milk and honey may not have the immediate effects of an "aphrodisiac," but repeated glasses of this natural duo could be dynamic for sex.

Those of you who don't frequent health-food restaurants for fear of being served seaweed could be passing up a hard-on-inducing meal. The Chinese have long recommended *bird's nest soup* as an aphrodisiac. The soup is prepared from the nest of the sea swallow, which traditionally makes its home out of seaweed—high in iodine (vital to the thyroid gland), zinc, and other vitamins and minerals.

Exercise is almost too vast a topic to be mentioned in a column of this length, but it should not be ignored when the subject is sexual health. Libraries and bookstores can offer you a selection of new books on the attainment of physical stamina.

There are a few general, common-sense rules to bear in mind, however. First of all, check with your doctor before starting any new regimen. Second, whatever the activity he recommends for you—do it regularly. Most of the new health-and-fitness spas that have sprung up around the country in the last few years suggest that their clients come three times a week; that is a good pattern to adopt for activities like jogging or swimming, which you can perform without paying club memberships. Third, gradually increase the intensity of the activity. If you are jogging, run a little bit farther each day. Remember the old adage "There's no gain without strain." The trick is not to suddenly strain your body by wild bursts of energy, but rather to build up your stamina slowly but surely. Increased all-round physical stamina will lead directly to increased sexual stamina.

Under the effects of the irritants, intoxicants and new chemicals we have discussed, it is possible to experience

sex in a heightened way, sometimes free from guilt and inhibitions. However, like thick frosting on a birthday cake, these "aphrodisiacs" (if used at all) should be regarded as rich treats to enhance special sexual occasions. Just like frosting, these goodies are downright counterproductive as a daily diet.

Nutritional foods and exercise, however, are "aphrodisiacs" that should become part of your daily life. They can help you find your own true potential for sexual pleasures. And if we accept that we have sexual inhibitions in the first place, and that we would enjoy sex better without them, then the most logical conclusion is to get rid of the inhibitions, not camouflage them with alcohol or drugs.

Between two people who are free of guilt and inhibitions, sex will occur just as quickly and easily as if one or the other had been slipped some magical potion or if the two were in a drug-altered state. But two such people have the advantage of knowing that sex can be the ultimate expression of care and trust between humans, and the reward for uninhibited sex is the greatest emotional and physical experience available to us.

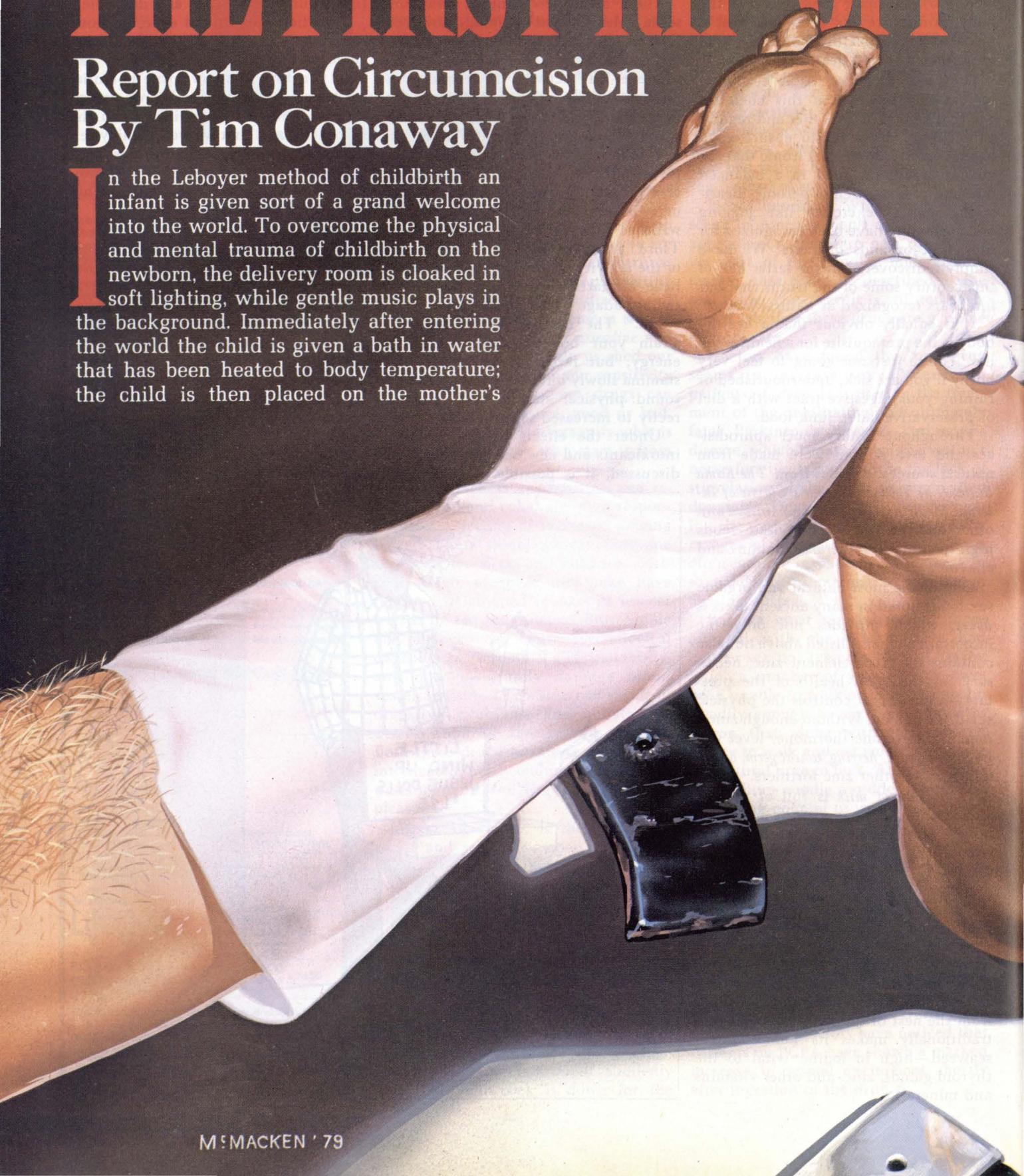
That should be enough of a turn-on for anybody. ☺



THE FIRST RIP-OFF

Report on Circumcision By Tim Conaway

In the Leboyer method of childbirth an infant is given sort of a grand welcome into the world. To overcome the physical and mental trauma of childbirth on the newborn, the delivery room is cloaked in soft lighting, while gentle music plays in the background. Immediately after entering the world the child is given a bath in water that has been heated to body temperature; the child is then placed on the mother's





stomach to help it feel secure and safe.

But if that child is a male, within a few days of this royal treatment he is taken into a brightly lit room, strapped to a circumcision board and, after some probing and pulling, the foreskin of his penis is cut off. While the child's first moments in the world may be as pleasant as possible, the first contact with his sexual organs is made by steel instruments—in particular, a knife. And this harsh contact is made without anesthesia, and rather than soft music, the room is filled with the shrill cry of a young male who has just been circumcised.

While medical opinion is slowly but steadily growing against this common practice, most of us, including doctors, think nothing more about this form of surgery than we do about taking our usual morning cup of coffee. And, as is often the case with something we take for granted, we continue performing circumcisions in the face of arguments and mounting evidence against its necessity.

In reality, most of the arguments for circumcision no longer hold true—if they ever did. For example, it may have a physical, if not psychological, effect on the sex lives of both men and women, and there *are* risks involved in the procedure. Unfortunately, greed and ignorance play as large a role in this continuing dance of the knife as do scientific

and medical considerations.

The history of circumcision indicates that its origins are rooted in religion, ritual or outright erroneous beliefs. While some cultures may have been aware of the hygienic values afforded by circumcision at times when cleanliness and the means of bringing it about weren't common, most ancient circumcisions were not performed for practical reasons.

In some cultures, for example, circumcision replaced castration—which very often led to death—as a mark of slavery, while in other cultures the practice was conducted to satisfy female rulers or the whims of goddesses. Legend among the New Hebrides islanders of the South Pacific has it that the sexual satisfaction of a woman who had intercourse with a man accidentally circumcised led to its popularity there. Australian aborigines present their severed foreskins to their mothers. In one African tribe a man must undergo circumcision the night before his marriage, and in still another African cult, female relatives ritually drink any blood collected from a man's circumcision. Some cultures even compare the bloodletting of circumcision to the first menstrual flow of a woman—regarding it as a sign of physical maturity.

Even Roman Catholics observe the anniversary of Christ's circumcision (January 1) as a high religious holy day, when all adherents are compelled to attend services so as to avoid sin. But perhaps the best-known religious ritual of circumcision is that of the Jews.

In Genesis 17:10-14 God demands the practice: "Every male among you shall be circumcised. And ye shall be circumcised in the flesh of your foreskin; and it shall be a token of a covenant betwixt me and you. And he that is eight days old shall be circumcised among you, every male throughout your generations. . . . He that is born in thy house . . . must needs be circumcised; and my covenant shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant. And the uncircumcised male who is not circumcised shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant."

And while the history of the Hebrews suggests that circumcision was a sign of loyalty to the tribe—a pact signed in blood—the ritual carries a sexually repressive message. The 12th-century Jewish philosopher Moses Maimonides wrote: "With regard to circumcision, one of the reasons for it is, in my opinion, the wish to bring about a decrease in sexual intercourse and a weakening of the organ in question. . . . The bodily pain caused to that member is the real purpose of circumcision."

The Maimonides quote is cited by James Prescott, Ph.D., the author of HUSTLER's landmark article *Child Abuse: Slaughter of the Innocents* (October 1977). Dr. Prescott, who is currently writing a book on the subject of mutilation of children, including the ritual of circumcision, says that "circumcision definitely involves sexually repressive and punitive aspects." And a brief look at its history bears out his statement.

Masturbation and "nocturnal emission"—wet dreams in common parlance—were two of the greatest parental fears beginning in the mid-18th century. Compounding the biblical belief that masturbation was a sin, the American medical community of that period pushed the concept that masturbation (or self-abuse) caused physical and mental disorders. The only way to prevent madness, the doctors claimed, was to circumcise. "Circumcision is like a substantial and well-secured life annuity," advised one physician in the latter part of the century. "It insures better health, greater capacity for labor, longer life, less nervousness, sickness, loss of time, and less [sic] doctor bills." Beliefs such as these became dogma, and circumcision

(continued on page 94)

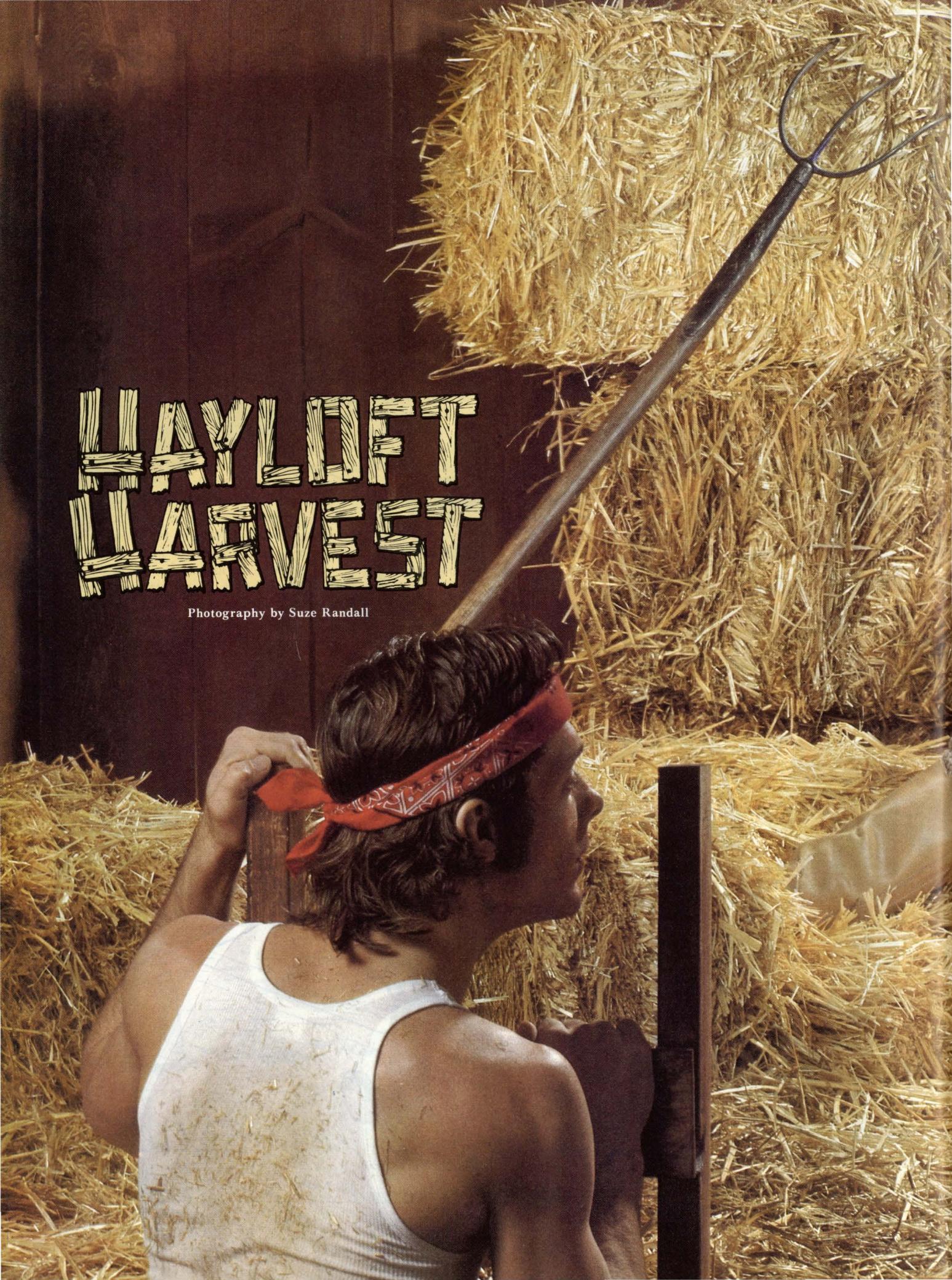




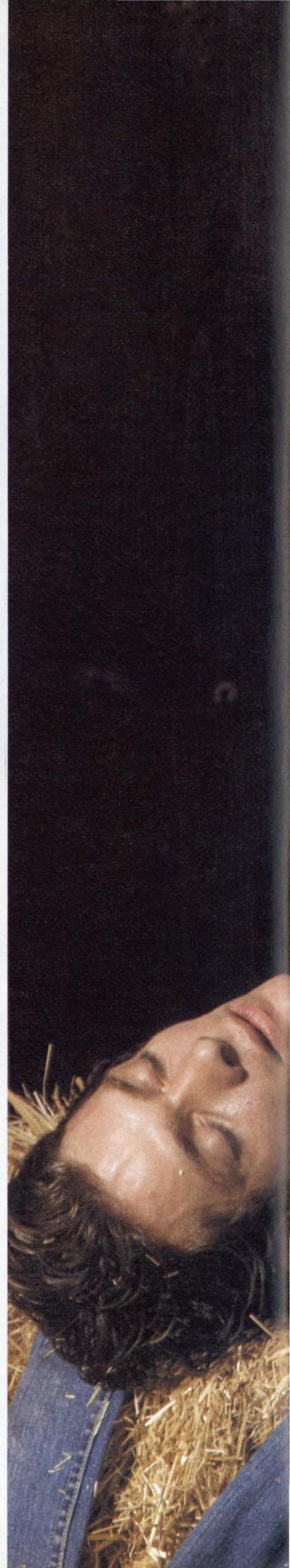
"You miss the old days, don't you?"

HAYLOFT HARVEST

Photography by Suze Randall











A man and a woman are lying in a hayloft. The man, with curly hair and a beard, is shirtless, wearing blue jeans and a red bandana. He is kissing the woman's neck. The woman, with long brown hair, is wearing a yellow floral top and a red plaid shirt. She is resting her head on the man's shoulder. They are surrounded by hay bales.

The first day on the farm for the new hired hand was rugged. Seemed like everyone wanted to give him orders: even the farmer's daughter. He didn't know much about women, but he knew how to plow a spread and sow some seeds. Yup, life down on the farm sure can make a man hard—in more ways than one.









Embezzling the American Dream

Last fall, U.S. Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats told members of a Senate committee looking into the General Services Administration scandals that fraud within seven federal agencies—including the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Department of Labor, the Department of Housing and Urban Administration and the Department of Transportation—might be costing American taxpayers as much as \$25 billion annually.

Having learned tricks from masters like Robert Vesco, Richard Nixon and executives of major corporations, government workers steal anything from paper clips to six-figure checks. Uncle Sam has become a sugar daddy, and taxpayers rightfully complain about government fraud and waste. William Sibert, a one-time low-level government accountant, stole close to \$1 million from Uncle Sam over a period of ten weeks in the summer of 1977. His whirlwind spending spree and Robin Hood-style generosity brought him fame and popularity. But he ended up as one of those people caught with his fingers in the federal cookie jar.

August 5, 1977. Seized: Ladies' Pedre 17-jewel gold watch; ladies' gold Trifari bracelet; ladies' silver ring with cluster of 14 diamonds and five rubies; ladies' silver ring with 14-karat teardrop-shaped diamond.

On August 5, 1977, Bill Sibert was met at his hotel in Washington, D.C., by a brand-new, custom-made, cream-colored Lincoln Continental Mark V. It was his personal car, driven by his friend and business partner, H. Eugene (Gene) Young, who was taking Sibert to the airport. Sibert was heading to Las Vegas, Nevada, on a gambling trip.

At the Capital Hilton Hotel they discovered that even the Lincoln's roomy interior wasn't large enough to hold the whole entourage—Sibert, Young, Sibert's lady friend and four other companions—with all their luggage. They called a taxi to take the bags. When the cabbie balked at making the long trip, Sibert greased his palm with a \$100 bill.

August 5, 1977. Seized: Men's 14-karat gold ring, with seven diamonds in setting; men's gold vest chain with single diamond in

pendulum; men's 14-karat gold ring with one large diamond.

Gene Young said good-bye and watched the plane take off. His friends had reserved almost the entire first-class section, and as soon as the seatbelt lights went off, they ordered their first round of cocktails in celebration. Bill Sibert reached down under his seat and patted a small flight bag.

August 5, 1977. Seized: Small red Northwest Orient flight bag containing \$53,500 in Federal Reserve notes.

The plane landed at McCarran International Airport in Las Vegas at 3:15 p.m. local time. Bill could see too many airport security guards and men in dark suits milling around the landing strip. "There's something wrong," he told his friends, "but you don't have anything to do with it." He apologized mysteriously and urged them to drink up. Moments later one of the largest spending sprees by a civil servant in the history of the U.S. government was over.

The lists above detail only some of the merchandise and cash the FBI seized from Sibert when he stepped off the plane. He had also purchased 14 luxury cars (one of which cost about \$37,000), jewelry and clothes, a new house, a houseboat, stocks, stereos, color TVs, movie cameras, a closed-circuit TV system and furniture with the \$856,557.72 he had embezzled.

Today 31-year-old Bill Sibert is serving a six-year sentence at the Ashland, Kentucky, Correctional Center, where (with time off for good behavior) he expects to be until 1982. The Justice Department has recovered most of the near million dollars Sibert stole, and what it can't recover, the former government accountant will have to pay back—at a 6-percent interest rate.

William C. Sibert was born in Washington, D.C., two days after Christmas 1947. As a child he lived in Anacostia, the city's far southeast section. Then urban-renewal projects in Washington's southwest pushed poor black families out of their row houses so that high-rise buildings could be built to house middle-class whites. The blacks moved to Anacostia, while the whites there moved out to the suburbs.

In 1958 the Sibert family moved to Prince Georges County, Maryland, just across the D.C. line. His parents still live

WILLIAM SIBERT

PROFILE BY JEAN CALLAHAN

Illustration by John Lykes



in the modest brick duplex where Bill spent his teen years.

His mother, Leona, doesn't like Catholics or blacks. A few years ago, troubled by the number of black families moving into the neighborhood and the constant traffic of shoppers from the nearby Iverson Mall shopping center, she had a six-foot-high, chain-link fence topped by barbed wire put up to enclose her property. She didn't want any more trouble than she had suffered already.

Bill Sibert isn't the first one in his family to be caught sucking too much off the government tit. His father, Donald, also an accountant, was once convicted of embezzlement while working for the federal government. Bill says his father was once a heavy drinker and as a youth remembers often being terrorized by the elder Sibert's drunken tirades.

Unlike his father, Sibert's mother was strict with herself as well as with her children. Every Sunday they would attend morning services at a Methodist church, and all week long she tried to teach her kids what was right. "My mother always taught me the right things," Sibert says. "It's just that I didn't agree with her."

As a teenager he made good grades at Crossland Senior High School, but he

was often in trouble. He and his brother Gene used to go down to the Drug Fair at Iverson Mall and steal stacks of 45-rpm records, which they would sell at school for a dime apiece.

Bill Sibert was locked up for the first time when he was 15. "It was for breaking into a storehouse with my brother," he remembers. As a result, the two brothers spent almost a year in juvenile detention.

In 1966 Sibert was graduated from Crossland High and went to work for the government, as a clerk in the General Services Administration's accounting office. Three months later he was in trouble again: He and his brother had tried to break into a neighbor's house. The owner met them at the door with a shotgun, and Bill was arrested. "My mother didn't talk to me for a year after that because she thought Gene should have gone to jail with me, and I didn't squeal on him," Sibert says.

Bill got eight years, and Gene disappeared, not to be heard from for years, until his brother asked the FBI to track him down. "They found a string of arrest records heading across the country," Bill says. Gene Sibert turned up in northern California, married and with twin sons afflicted with multiple sclerosis. Part of the near million Sibert stole from the government went to help

his brother. The last anyone has heard, Gene has taken off and left his wife and kids.

From the time he was 17 until he was 23, Bill Sibert lived in Maryland state prisons, including a stint (for rebelliousness) at the Patuxent Institution, the state's warehouse for "defective delinquents." Although his parents lived within a short driving distance from most of the places in which he was confined, they never visited him. Those years were long and hard.

"He never has been a good-looking guy," says a former probation officer. "He was thinner then than he is now. They used to cut off all their hair then, and he looked like an egg with eyeballs stuck in. He was a dork."

When Sibert got out, he started working at the American Chemical Society as a clerk-typist for \$5,000 a year. "Then I started getting all these credit cards in the mail—Master Charge, BankAmericard, Washington Shopping Plate—I bought a \$3,000 bedroom set that was solid cherry, TVs, stereos, stuff like that. I ran up a \$6,000 bill in four months, which was more than my yearly salary." With bills piling up, Sibert took another job, as a short-order cook at a Howard Johnson's. Still he stayed in debt.

In 1973 he married Eva, a 17-year-old Ohio girl who had moved to Washington to work for the government. "Eva had a few bills of her own, so when we got married, we were \$15,000 in debt."

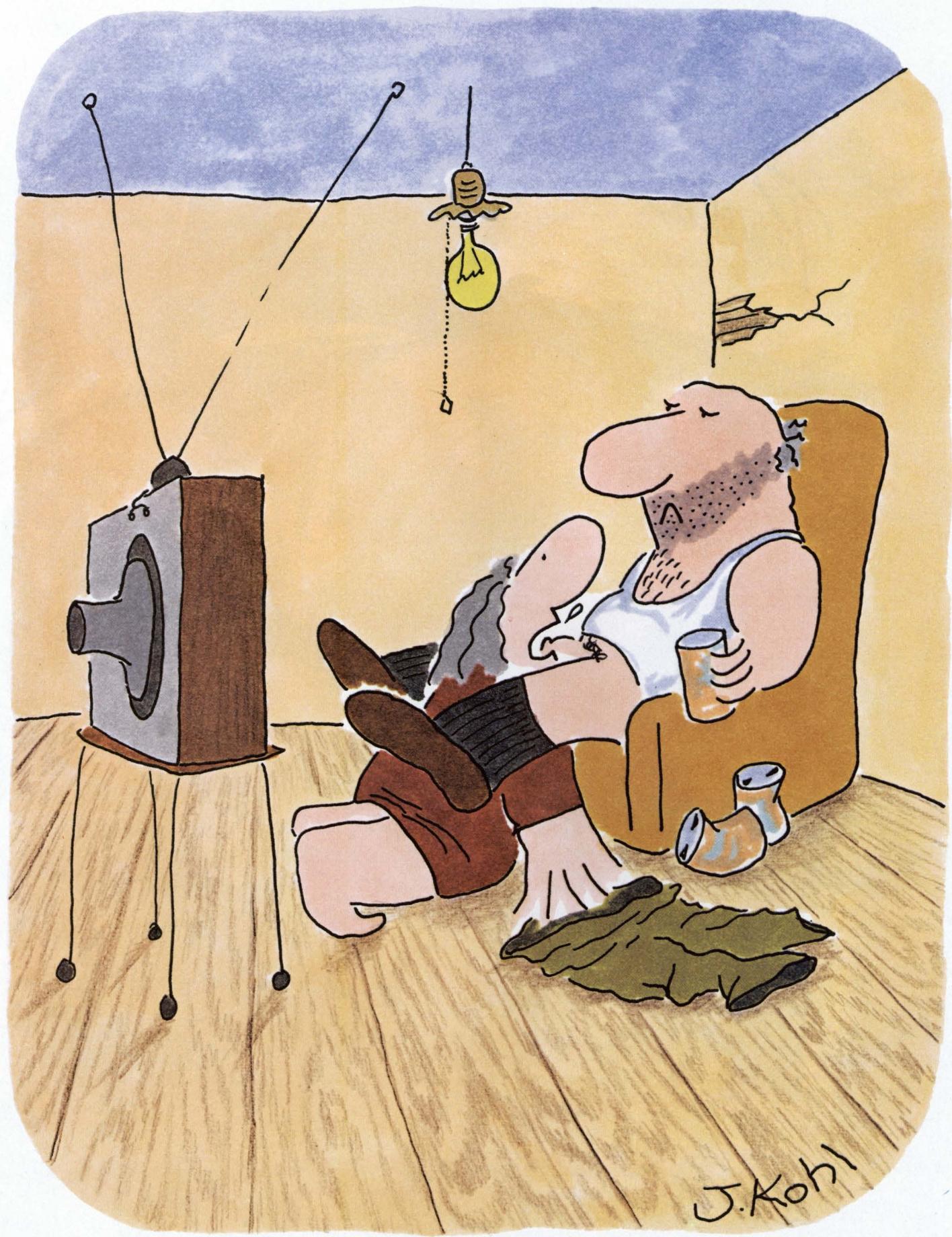
Eventually, they filed for bankruptcy. "Credit's too easy to get," Sibert says now. "A lot of people get it, and it ruins their lives. After we went bankrupt we couldn't get any credit. So we decided to reaffirm our debts. The only difference, then, was that we didn't have a set schedule to pay back our bills; we paid them as we could afford it."

Shortly after marrying Eva, Sibert went to work for the federal government again—at the Department of Transportation (DOT), starting out as a clerk-typist. Despite his criminal record, he was hired by the federal government and later promoted to an accounting job with a security clearance.

"It's not that the government has a program to hire the ex-con," Sibert says. "It's just that they don't *not* hire ex-convicts. Unless you've committed a violent crime—something like bank robbery or a sex crime—you can just go ahead and work for the government."

His personnel records show a history of superior job performance, and he earned several promotions. Two months before he started stealing money, he

(continued on page 82)



"Fred, I think the magic has gone out of our marriage."





HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC

"I'm really fed up with Frenchmen," says 25-year-old Pamela, a Parisian model with a mind of her own. "All the ones I've met recently were bisexual little buggers with pasty faces. They only want women who are as skinny as boys. And when they get one, all they want to do is fuck her in the ass." Another of Pamela's pet peeves concerns liberated women. "I don't like 'em. They're frigid, because they've forgotten how to take care of a man. It's unnatural." Staying in tune with nature is important to this naturally blond beauty. That's why she grows her own herbs in a window box outside her compact Paris apartment, and never dates a man who smokes. "Why should I spend time with a man who's killing himself?" she asks.

Pamela will soon be coming to the U.S., where she hopes to advance her career as a model and also find a "tall, suntanned young man with blue eyes and dark hair." She's looking for a nonsmoker, of course—a man who, in her words, "is proud of his body and who'll be prouder still to take full control of me and look after me the way a man *should* look after his woman."

The line forms on the right, fellas.



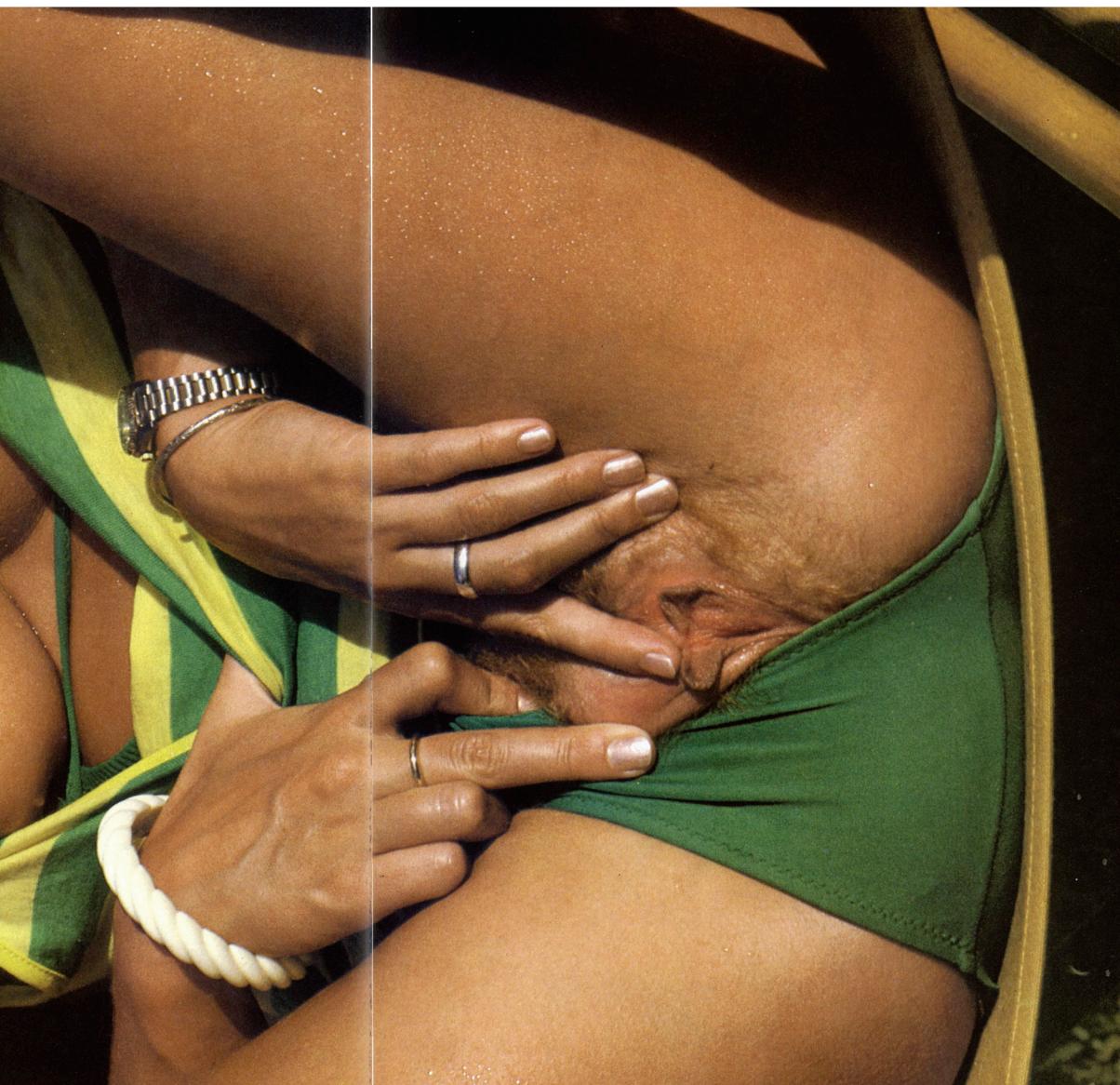






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Mrs. Franklin died and went to heaven. Immediately she found Saint Peter. "Tell me," she said, "would it be possible to talk to someone who is already here?"

"Certainly," replied Saint Peter.

"Then I would like to speak to the Virgin Mary," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Well, she's in a different section," said Saint Peter, "but I will forward your request."

In due time Mrs. Franklin was favored with the Virgin's presence.

"Please excuse my curiosity," said Mrs. Franklin, "but I've got to ask you something. How does it feel to have a son who is so wonderful that ever since His time, millions of people have worshipped Him as the Savior?"

"Actually," replied the Virgin, "we were hoping He'd become a doctor."

Question: Have you heard about the new Welfare Doll?

Answer: You wind it up and it doesn't work.

Down south a redneck named Josh was in court, charged with wife beating. The court first heard the wife's testimony, and then it was Josh's turn.

"Now, Josh," asked the judge, "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"I do, yo honor," replied Josh.

"Keeping that in mind," continued the judge, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well, Judge, with all them there limitations you jes put on me, I cain't say as I have *anything* much to say!"

In a rest room at an airport a sailor and a marine were relieving themselves at the urinals. As the sailor started for the door, the marine called out to him, "In the Marines they teach us to wash our hands after we piss!"

"Oh, really?" replied the sailor. "Well, in the Navy they teach us not to piss on our hands."

Rumor has it that Billy Carter once caught his girlfriend fucking his best buddy. "Just what in the hell do you think you're doing?" Billy asked his friend.

"See?" said the girl. "I told you he was stupid!"

Word just came in from Rome that the Pope called all the cardinals to the Vatican for a drink of Kool-Aid laced with cyanide. He wanted to keep up with the Joneses.

A man of dubious reputation was on his deathbed, and a priest was trying to administer the last rites. "Open your eyes," said the priest. "We've got to save your immortal soul."

The man opened one eye, closed it and tried to doze off. "Come now!" cried the priest. "If you don't want to confess, at least answer me this: Do you renounce the devil and all his work?"

"Well, I don't know, Father," said the man, opening his eyes. "At a time like this, it ain't smart to piss anybody off!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *distorted sex* as: getting a blow job from a woman with a harelip.

A white couple with a social conscience but a questionable amount of intelligence decided they'd like to have a black child, so the husband asked the black janitor at his office how he could get one.

"We'se get black chil-lun the same way white folk do," the janitor said. "We'se fuck."

So the husband went home and tried the janitor's advice, and nine months later his wife gave birth—but the baby was white. Feeling he must have done something wrong, the man returned to the janitor, told him he'd followed his advice but that the child turned out to be white.

"Does you have a pecker 13 inches long?" asked the black man.

"No."

"Does you have a pecker four inches wide?"

"No."

"Den dat's you problem," said the janitor. "You's lettin' in too much light!"

A little boy said, "I wish I had a prick like my brother's. He has to use four fingers to hold it."

"Well, you're using four fingers," replied his young friend.

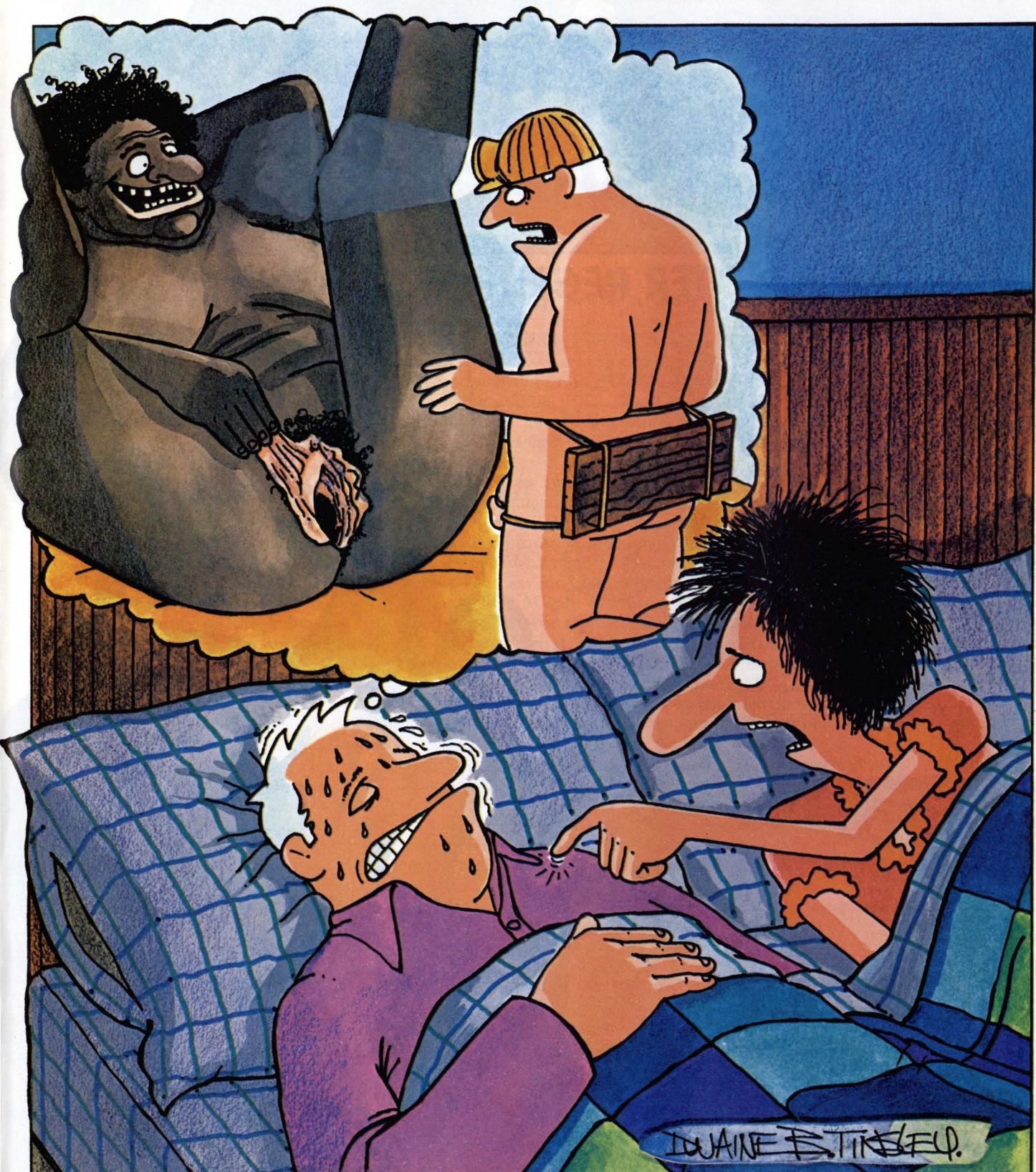
"Yeah," said the little boy, "but I'm pissing on three of them!"

Question: What's so special about the new German microwave oven?

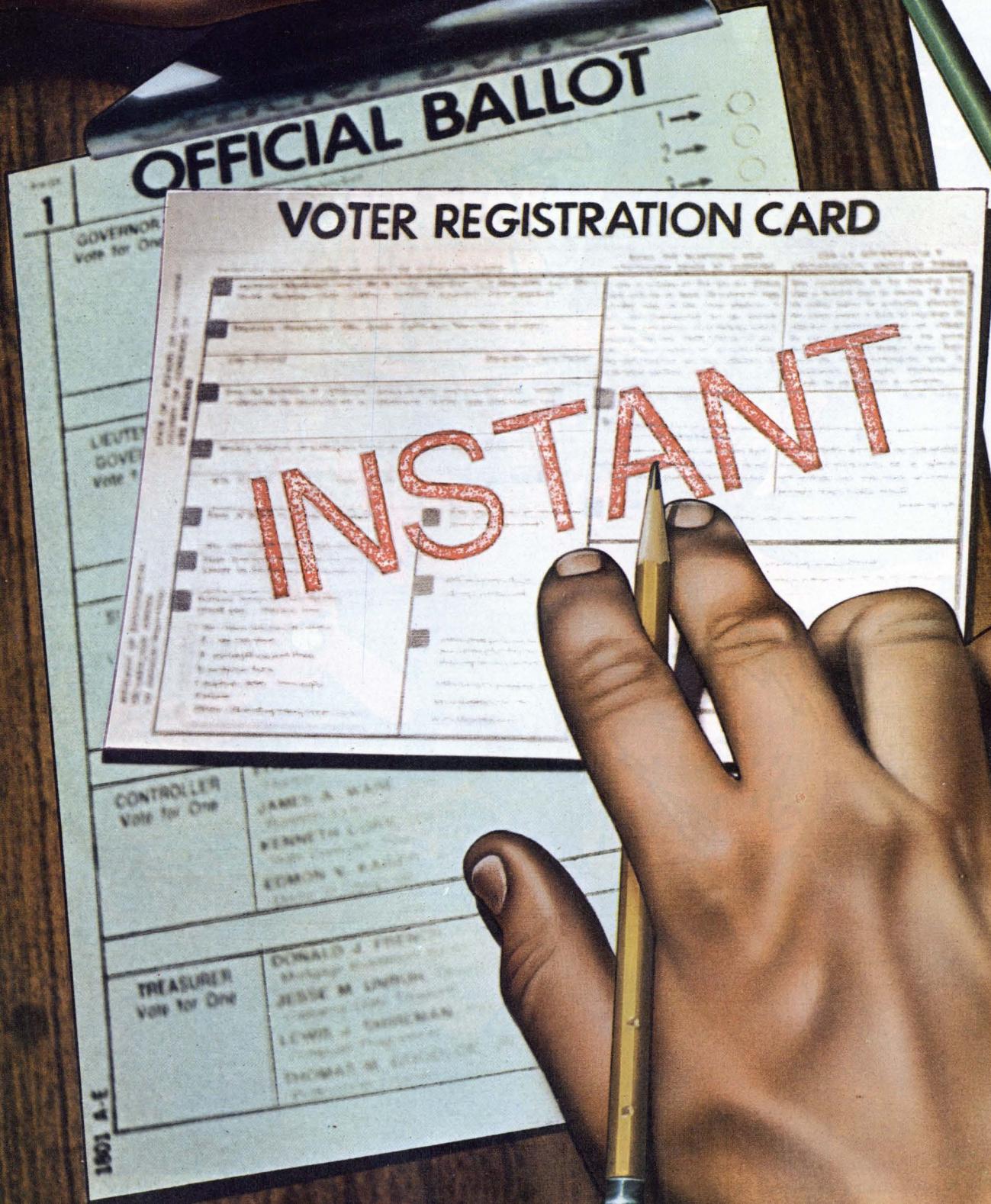
Answer: It seats 45.

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CHESTER & HESTER



"Wake up, darling. You're having a nightmare."



★★★ VOTER ★★ REGISTRATION

Changing the American System

Voting in a democracy should be simple. It should involve the most efficient way of inducing people to show up at the polls with a minimum potential for fraud. Whether people decide to vote or not is their choice.

In this country voting is not that simple. Anyone can operate a voting machine, punch holes out of a ballot or mark an X next to the appropriate name. But registering to vote, nearly always a prerequisite of the act itself, is another story.

The United States is the last industrial democracy that places the responsibility for voting on the individual. In Canada, Great Britain and most of Western Europe government officials canvass door to door, making sure that anyone who wishes to register to vote has an opportunity to do so. In other countries citizens are automatically registered through national identification systems. But in this country a crazy quilt of regulations and procedures—varying from state to state and sometimes from county to county—frustrates the voter at every turn. Instead of encouraging people to vote, the system often seems intentionally designed to discourage them.

To register, the prospective voter is usually obliged to trek to the county clerk's office or the county courthouse, making sure that the deadline for registration hasn't passed him by. In some states, such as Arizona and Georgia, that deadline is 50 days before the election.

In most areas the hours in which citizens can register seem to have been carefully chosen for their inconvenience. Who wants to take time off from work to

drive across town to register to vote? Few registrars stay open on evenings or weekends, and sometimes they aren't even open during regular business hours. If a voter misses an election, his registration may be canceled without his even being notified.

Some states have struck down these barriers. Texas has used mail registration since 1941, and 16 other states have followed its lead. In Michigan a person can register while applying for a driver's license. And in California not only is there mail registration, but nearly anyone can become a deputy registrar and receive 20 cents for each person he or she signs up. Mainly because of this monetary incentive a prospective voter can find a registrar almost anywhere there is a crowd of people.

Currently, however, serious talk is being heard that would make it even easier to vote while at the same time bringing some uniformity to the country's voting laws. The concept of *election-day, instant* or *universal* registration would make registering to vote as simple as going to the polls. If the voter didn't have any identification, he could still register by having a preregistered person vouch for him. (That person could only vouch for a maximum of two people, eliminating situations like the one in Mankato, Minnesota, in which three students vouched for 472 election-day registrants in the 1976 presidential election. Later the students admitted they didn't know most of the people they had vouched for.)

Under the provisions of the Universal Voter Registration Act of 1977—which has not yet been made law—each election-day registrant would be required to sign an affidavit certifying, under penalty of perjury, that the information provided about himself was true. The

maximum penalty for election fraud would be five years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine.

After the election, postcards would be sent to the addresses given by the last-minute registrants to verify the information. If the postcard were returned, meaning the person did not live at the listed address, that information would be turned over to a U.S. attorney for further investigation.

Conservatives especially fret over such a plan. Surveys continually reveal that their supporters go to the polls in higher numbers than their moderate and liberal counterparts. The lower the voter turnout, the better chance Republican candidates usually have of winning. According to a federal election official, "Republicans think [this plan] is probably a Democratic trick. They realize that most of the people in the country who are not registered are also in a lower socioeconomic group and are also inclined to be slightly Democratic in orientation. They feel that by opening this up, it would be a floodgate for Democratic votes."

Bob Moss, chief counsel for the House Administration Committee, which held hearings on the Universal Voter Registration Act of 1977 in April of that year, agreed: "A lot of the opposition was coming from the Republican Party. They seem to feel that the more people who exercise their franchise, the more votes the Democrats will get."

"House Minority Leader John Rhodes [Republican-Arizona], GOP Chairman William Brock and Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, Jr. [Republican-Tennessee], all said positive things about the bill at first," Moss continued. "Then all of a sudden their right wing came down on them very

★★★ REPORT BY JEFF GOTTLIEB ★★

Illustration by Stan Watts

hard, and they backtracked."

It isn't just the Republicans who oppose the idea. Why would a politician want to change the composition of an electorate that showed the brains to elect him in the first place? Congressman Charles Rangel (Democrat-New York) explained: "It's not the Republicans who are frightened of the Democrats. The Republicans are frightened of anything out there they don't know, and the Democrats are frightened too. Even those who are advocates of an open system are taking a risk."

Raymond Wolfinger and Steven Rosenstone, political scientists at the University of California at Berkeley, have studied voter composition. They found that the older and more educated people—especially men—are, the more likely they are to vote. So much for the vaunted youth vote.

A 1975 Gallup poll came to a similar conclusion. It found the most-likely voter was "a man, 50 years old or older, college-educated and a member of the business and professional class."

The Wolfinger/Rosenstone study indicated that the new voters enfranchised by an opening-up of the election system would be very slightly blacker and more Democratic than the rest of the population—thereby feeding Republican fears. When averaged in with the rest of the

population, however, Wolfinger projected that the actual changes in voting patterns would be minimal.

Many conservatives argue that voting is a privilege and not a right guaranteed by the Constitution. They seem to feel that voters should be expected to hurdle over a set of barriers to get to the polling place.

Arthur Peterson is a former member of the Wisconsin state legislature, active in the Republican Party and currently a political-science professor at Ohio Wesleyan University. He led a 1977 fight that overturned election-day registration in Ohio. One of his arguments is that such registration is too easy. "We've gone down the road toward political lethargy and apathy far enough. The least people can do is to register 30 days beforehand." [That's longer than some states require now.]

Bill Kimberling of the Federal Election Commission's National Clearinghouse on Election Administration, observed that this is not an uncommon attitude. "I have heard a number of county clerks say that voting is like getting a driver's license. They feel it's a privilege, and you should be expected to go out of your way in order to do it. In my opinion, it's a *right* and not a privilege. These people also talk about the quality of the vote. The truth is that

there are a lot of people running around, many of them clerks and registrars, who are not entirely convinced that everybody should vote. They view themselves not as public servants but as gate-keepers—employed to keep the undesirables out. They exercise that function in some areas with considerable rigor."

Congressman Robert Badham (Republican-California) expressed his concern over the "quality of the vote" to his colleagues in the U.S. House of Representatives. Badham said, "I doubt very much that our republic would benefit from an increase in the number of uninformed votes cast by people who have made no effort to prepare for thoughtful participation in our elections." Badham's sentiments recall a quip Adlai Stevenson made during the heat of one of his presidential runs against Dwight Eisenhower. After being told by a supporter that "all the thinking people of America support you," Stevenson replied, "I'm afraid that isn't enough."

* * *

Historically, voting has always been viewed as the privilege of the elite. Women didn't get to vote until the passage of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution in 1920. Blacks were dissuaded from voting until the 1960s, when federal officials were brought in to ensure that their rights were not violated any longer.

New York Times columnist Tom Wicker was correct when he wrote, "Political leaders have long known that it's easier to control a small electorate than a large one."

In this country's early years, in order to vote you had to be a landowning white male over 21, usually of an appropriate religion. Some states even insisted that you be "an upstanding citizen." These qualifications served as such an effective barrier that only 5 percent of all adults were allowed to vote.

But even this limited electorate was not allowed to choose all of its officials by direct vote. Senators were elected by their respective state legislatures until 1913. The President and Vice-President are still chosen by the Electoral College, which makes it possible for the candidate with the most popular votes to lose anyway.

WHY PEOPLE DON'T VOTE

Americans just haven't gotten it up for elections since the early 1900s. Despite his supposed "mandate," Richard M. Nixon received only one-third of the potential votes in 1972. In the more recent Ford-Carter contest even fewer

(continued on page 72)

A MALE
CHAUVINIST'S GUIDE
TO FEMALE

Body Language

Hey, all you hot and horny studs! How can you tell if a chick wants to make it or not? Do you ask?

Do you sniff the air for the strong scent of tuna?



Why waste time with all that, when all you have to do is look at the way she walks, uses her hands and crosses her legs?

Body language will say yes-yes when there's no-no on her lips.

"Ride me like a horse!"



"I want to make you crawl, maggot!"



"Feel me, fuck me, come in my mouth."



"Lips that touch liquor can always touch mine."



"No dice, turkey!"



"Want some ass?"



"Don't crowd my space, man!"



"Lick me until I can't breathe."



"You make me want to puke."



"Is that a lump in your pants?"



"Feel me up and fuck me silly!"



"I can't wait. I'll do it myself."



VOTER REGISTRATION

(continued from page 68)

people voted—just 53 percent. That means nearly 70 million potential voters stayed at home.

Ralph Nader has suggested compulsory voting as a serious answer to empty voting booths. Nonvoters would get hit where it hurts—in the pocketbook. Either they would pay a small fine (as the system dictates in Belgium, the Netherlands and Australia) or else they'd be forbidden a tax credit available to voters.

But forcing people to vote seems un-American, to say the least, and the value of a 100-percent turnout is debatable. A nonvote out of disdain and disgust for the candidates or the political system can be just as important as a cast vote—especially as the two-party system leaves little room for protest at the ballot box.

The nonvote for reasons of disgust, not apathy, is what scares the upholders of the status quo. There has been a steady downhill slide in the ratio of voters to nonvoters since 1960, and many attribute this to the lies and cover-ups of Vietnam and Watergate. When only 36 percent of the potential electorate voted in the 1974 post-Nixon-resignation congressional election, it was obvious to nearly everybody that the

voters were turned off to the political system.

Another reason for low voter turnout may be that elections here in the U.S.—unlike their counterparts in parliamentary democracies—are not suddenly scheduled to judge burning issues of national concern. As a result, people in this country don't get interested in elections until they loom close. But by then it's usually too late to register.

A poll taken by Daniel Yankelovich after the 1972 presidential election found that 74 percent of the nonvoters might have voted if they had been registered. In a survey conducted by Peter D. Hart Research Associates, 20 percent of those questioned pointed toward difficulties in registering as the reason they didn't vote.

INSTANT VOTER REGISTRATION AND TURNOUT

Another study by Rosenstone and Wolfinger found that election-day registration would increase the number of voters by 6 percent. And they believe that if registration offices were kept open evenings, Saturdays and during normal business hours, voter turnout would increase by a total of 9 percent.

Minnesota, Wisconsin, Maine and Oregon have adopted instant voter registration; yet they have not watched

their voter-participation rates increase by the 6 percent predicted by Rosenstone and Wolfinger. Minnesota, Maine and Wisconsin showed increases of between only 3 percent and 4 percent from 1972 to 1976 (the last available statistics). Interestingly enough, even though voter participation missed the Rosenstone/Wolfinger mark by several percentage points, nevertheless, in Wisconsin 10 percent of those who voted in precincts requiring registration registered on election day, while in Minnesota an astounding 25 percent registered at the polls. But during this same period the national voting average dropped by approximately 1.5 percent.

In Ohio's November 1977 election nearly 10 percent of the voters registered at the polls. One-third more people voted in that election than in a comparable election. Ironically, many of them voted to abolish the process that had just enabled them to vote. Although the ballot contained two heated issues—the repeal of election-day registration and a controversial proposition on trapping—some of the increase in voter turnout may certainly be attributed to instant registration.

Ohio supporters of instant registration claim the idea was repealed because of the confusing wording of the initiative. A yes vote was for repeal and a no vote was for endorsement of the idea.

FRAUD

Massachusetts politician James M. Curley, who spent five months of his term as mayor of Boston (1947-1950) in jail, once told his faithful supporters, "Vote early and often." Many of them took his advice. Regardless of any advantages that universal registration may have, if fraud can't be controlled, then the system is unworkable.

Charges of fraud have been leveled in the states that have election-day registration, mainly by its opponents. There have been few prosecutions. Gerald Ferwerda, executive secretary of the Wisconsin State Election Board, became quite agitated when the fraud issue was brought up, especially when discussing charges of massive fraud made by a state senator.

According to Ferwerda: "There is no basis for his charges, or else he's kept silent on it and decided not to come forward. The election board left open on the agenda for a number of months any personal appeals from people or any allegations regarding voter fraud. We advertised, and no one came forward."

In Ohio one of the most effective arguments for repealing instant registration was the fraud issue. But during the



EMERGENCY WARD

EMER



"Dig it, Mom! I'm going to be on the 11 o'clock news!"

few elections in which instant registration was used, there were administrative errors, said Assistant Secretary of State James Marsh. "There were a number of registrations that were improperly taken, where the law was not entirely complied with."

But fraud on a massive scale would not be different (in terms of style or opportunity) under instant registration than it is under the present system. Contrary to popular belief, people don't go to several different precincts, give false names and vote several times. House Administration Committee Counsel Bob Moss called that "logistically difficult, statistically insignificant and just a lot of bullshit. The fraud that does occur, and it's becoming less frequent, is with the knowledge and help of election officials. That's voting dead people, voting for people who are already registered but who are out of town that day, imaginary people, changing vote totals, that kind of thing. That is done by people who are actually at the polling place."

The Federal Election Commission's Bill Kimberling agreed: "It's pretty hard to pull off a grand conspiracy unless you've got the election administrator with you. If he's with you, any system is vulnerable."

A federal election official added,

"The current system is just about as open to fraud as election-day registration would be. When you go to the county clerk to register, have they ever asked you for a birth certificate? How do they know where you live? If you cheat in the county clerk's office 45 days beforehand, what the hell difference does it matter if you do it on election day? There are very few jurisdictions that mail out confirmation cards now anyhow. Then they turn around and squawk that the proposed system opens the door to fraud."

Most county clerks—those workers who perform the nitty-gritty of running elections—believe that election-day registration would be an administrative nightmare. They told Congress that they would need detailed precinct maps and more poll workers to handle people registering and that the long lines at the polls would be disruptive.

Most of these fears are unfounded. County clerks tend to have been in office a long time; like most bureaucrats, they resist change with a tenacity out of all proportion to reality. An election official who works closely with local clerks said, "They are a conservative bunch, no matter what partisan interests may play. On the whole they don't like change at all. They are very jealous of

state governments, which for the most part have not governed elections very strongly. This is the county clerk's own domain. It is extremely sensitive to them. They view the requirements levied on them even by the Voting Rights Act as just outrageous. Most of them just don't want to get off of their asses and register people."

* * *

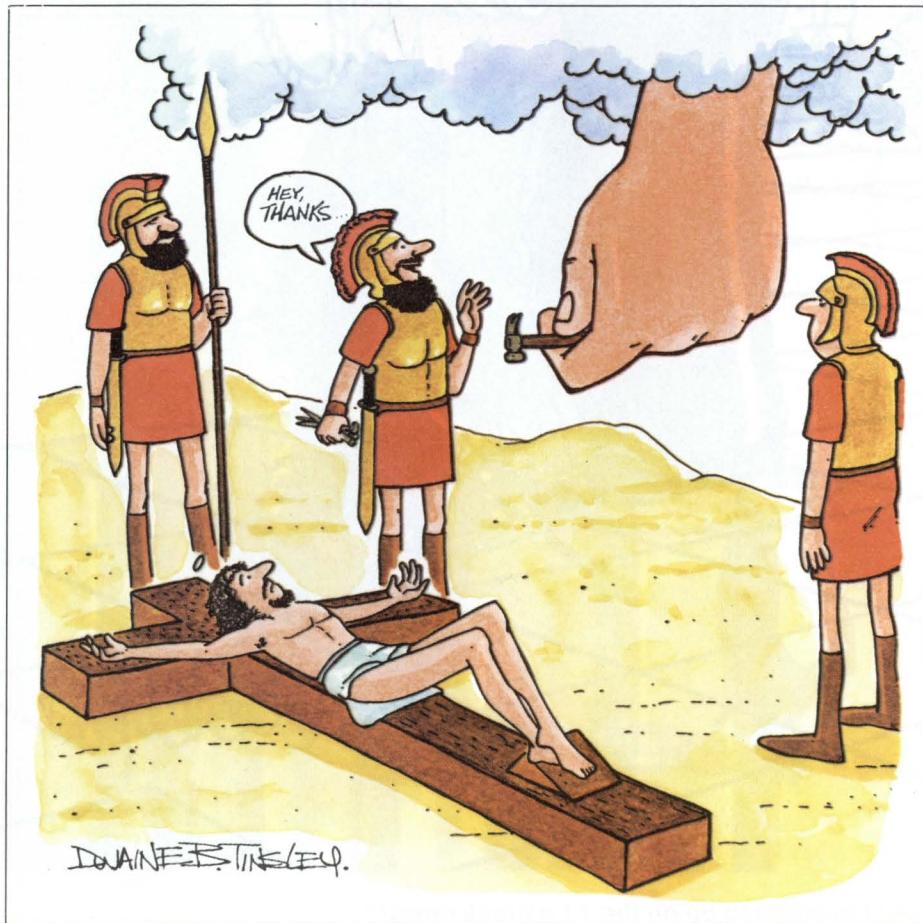
Election-day registration is not a panacea for the dwindling number of voters. That won't change until the quality of those running for office does. If only 1 percent of the people voted because of election-day registration, that would mean a nationwide increase of more than 1 million voters. But instant registration should also be used at the state and local levels, where the individual citizen's vote carries more weight.

Instant registration should be one part of a voter-outreach program. Registrars should stay open during convenient hours, and mail-registration forms should be put in banks and government offices, as income-tax forms are. Cancelling someone's registration for failure to vote in an election should stop. Only after failing to vote for several years should a voter be purged from the rolls.

Changes in the voting system have come very slowly. When Jimmy Carter accepted the Democratic presidential nomination in August 1976, he called for "universal voter registration." In March 1977 he made good on his rhetoric, and a bill was sent to Congress. Today it's still in the House Administration Committee because it would be defeated if it came up for a vote. Ben Albert of COPE (Committee on Political Education), the political arm of the AFL-CIO, was discouraged about its chances of passing. "It had its shot. If it couldn't pass with Carter and a liberal Congress supporting it, it looks like it won't happen for a long time."

Bob Moss feels a bit more optimistic. "Rather than go down and suffer a defeat, we thought the prudent course of action was to sit on the bill and explore other avenues, like taking election-day registration and combining that with postcard registration and giving the states the option of choosing one or the other." Moss expects the bill to come before the House sometime this year.

But based on how much congressional support the original bill had, the new version may not have a chance at all. And this raises a question: Why are the politicians so worried about the prospect of getting *more* people—especially rank-and-file workers and lower-income types—out to the polls? 



THE LONG HELLO



Photography by Clive McLean









You've been out to sea for months, and you've had only one thing on your mind: That special girl (the one who sent you all those letters) will be waiting at the dock for you, her boiler well-stoked to make your shore leave truly memorable. Sure, you could have bought some enjoyment in the first port, but you've passed plenty of ships in the night. This is something more.

After saving for months, she arrives at the airport and takes the first available ricksha down to the pier; she didn't even take time to check into a hotel.

When you see her, a hotel is the last thing on your mind. You don't care if the whole crew is watching—you've got to have her *now*. Those lonely nights of longing and frustration are forgotten in seconds.





PROFILE: WILLIAM SIBERT

(continued from page 52)

received a career award for three years of government service. "He's a very intelligent boy," says Sibert's former boss at the Department of Transportation, Lewis Keeton. "If he had stayed on a few more years, he would have had my job. He was one of the best employees we ever had." By 1976 Bill was earning \$9,923 annually, and Eva was pulling down a slightly higher salary in another branch of the Transportation Department. But they were still in debt.

On February 19, 1976, Sibert purchased a 12-gauge shotgun. On April 13 he bought a second one. He never used either of the guns; he's never fired a gun in his life. He was going through bad times—marital problems, money problems, boredom at work. In May he turned himself in for parole violation (buying guns). He had just found out that Eva was pregnant, and he hoped to set his life straight.

Because it had been 10 years since his last conviction and he hadn't been arrested since, Sibert got a suspended sentence on the gun charges. He was ordered to report regularly to a probation officer and to behave himself.

Bill Sibert, Jr., was born in January 1977, suffering from a congenital bone

disease (inherited from his father) that would require special medical treatment. In April, Bill and Eva broke up. Now that he wasn't living with them, Sibert wanted his wife to stay home with the baby—but Eva insisted that she had to work to make ends meet. The bills continued to pile up. Sibert wanted Eva to quit her job, and he intended to give her the money to make that possible.

At work Sibert and his co-workers used to joke about how they could make out checks to themselves and no one would ever know. They had discovered a chink in the federal payments process for various rapid-transit systems. According to Robert Ogren, the government prosecutor in the Sibert case, their supervisor "would sign documents, any document, put in front of him, without review."

"He just used to lift up the corners and sign his name," Sibert says.

Sibert decided to take advantage of the opportunity he had seen for a long time. He opened a checking account at the Suburban Trust Company's Suitland, Maryland, branch with \$50 in cash. Then he inserted his own name, on behalf of the Atlanta subway system, as a payee on one of the forms DOT used to authorize checks. Using a razor blade and some adhesive tape and correction fluid, he made further alterations on a

check in order to disguise his theft.

On Friday, May 13, 1977, Bill Sibert went to work with a government check in his pocket, made out to him for the sum of \$55,916.47. All week he'd held onto the check since receiving it in the mail, afraid to cash it, yet eager for the freedom the money would mean.

At noon he drove to the bank. His stomach knotted; he turned up the car radio to drown out his doubts. At the bank he endorsed the check and wrote it up for deposit. He stood in the teller's line closest to the wall and waited. When his turn came, Sibert slid the check in through the window and asked the teller, "How long will it take for this check to clear?"

"Government checks are good on the spot," the teller answered. So he changed his deposit slip and was handed \$20,000 in cash.

After the transaction Sibert didn't return to the office. Instead he drove to Wilson-Powell Lincoln-Mercury in Marlow Heights and bought the Mark V, paying for it with cash. He began buying clothes and jewelry that weekend. "After I cashed the first check," he says, "I was dressed out!"

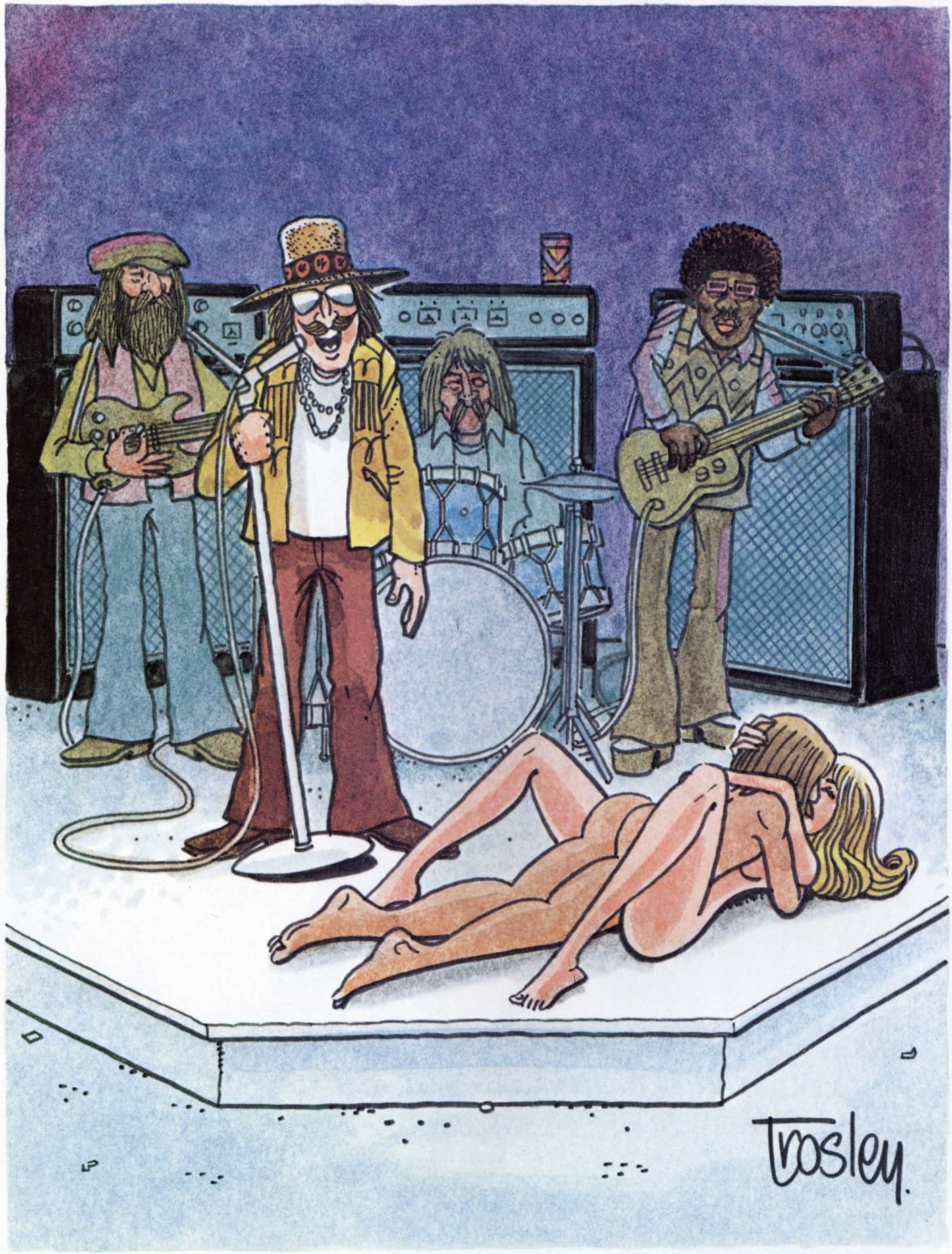
On June 2 he cashed a second check. He cashed another one on June 14, another on June 27, then one on July 14 and one on July 27. He told his friends at work that he had won an insurance suit. When the girls in the office had birthdays, he bought them birthstone rings. "I got along pretty well with everyone in the office," Sibert recalls. "We'd all been working there for years. I knew that none of them had any money, and I knew that situation. When you see people having problems, you go ahead and help them if you can."

He even gave \$2,500 to an unpopular co-worker. "She had troubles; she asked me for it, and I gave it to her. I wasn't thinking about being any kind of Robin Hood. I never had anything to be generous with before—plus it's easier to give away when it's not yours."

The fancy cars (Sibert took to driving different ones to work each week), the leather coats, the diamond rings and three-piece suits began to attract suspicion. He bought a house in Clinton, Maryland, and bragged to people about the elaborate renovations he planned for it. Finally, DOT's internal-investigation unit called Sibert in for a visit.

"I don't think they had begun to suspect the money might be coming from within, but they were curious about the sudden show of money," Sibert says. "I told them I'd just gotten an insurance settlement, which is the (continued on page 104)





"With Zeke on drums, Eddie on bass, John on guitar, and Mike on Debbie."

The Second Coming

Fiction by Richard Paget





President Jimmy Carter—sitting at his desk—looked up and saw a mist forming in front of him. He blinked once, but the mist began to solidify and glow until it took on the shape of a man. The President blinked again. It was Jesus Christ. "Hello Jimmy. It is I."

Jimmy Carter was not shocked. In his heart he knew the True Lord stood in front of him, and at once his whole life became clearer than it had ever been before.

"It is My time," said the Lord, "and for this moment were you born; the other times you felt

Me you knew you were to be President, and so you are."

"Lord, I am Your servant. What is to be done?"

"It is time for this world to become the Paradise it was meant to be. You are here now because your beliefs and experiences with Me are of God's will. There are things to be done, and there is a way to do them."

"What would You have me do, Lord?"

"You will prepare the world for peace. The violence that exists in this country and others is gradually to be no more."

"But, Lord, how can that be? Our world is much more complicated than that. I can't just declare peace, as much as I'd like to."

Carter looked up at Jesus with tremendous softness in his eyes. "How do we protect ourselves? What about other problems, like the energy crisis and the economy? This is a modern world with modern problems, and we can't solve them without Your miracles."

"You'll have your miracles," said Jesus. "God's wish has been expressed through your concern for your fellow man."

"But, Lord, what will You do?"

"As of this moment all weapons are inoperable. This is to be so throughout

your entire world."

President Carter touched a button underneath his desk, and a Secret Service man stepped into the office.

"Yes, sir?" asked the agent. He looked around the room as if expecting someone else to be present, but saw only the President sitting at his desk. He was alone.

Carter realized that the agent did not see Jesus, and a moment of apprehension touched him. He, Jimmy Carter, could see the Lord.

In a brisk voice the President said, "I want you to check your weapon."

"Sir?" The Secret Service man looked panicky. Why this absurd request from "The Man"? he wondered. "Is there something wrong, sir?"

"Please," the President said softly, "just do as I ask."

Puzzled, the agent removed his gun from its holster and looked at it.

"It seems fine, sir," he said. But when he checked it further, a look of complete puzzlement came to his face.

"Mr. President, the firing mechanism is completely fused! I'd better replace this immediately." The Secret Service man turned and walked out abruptly.

Jesus spoke again. "As I told you, there are no longer any workable weapons anywhere on Earth. They have all been rendered ineffective."

The President was dumbfounded. It took all of his will to understand what was happening. He realized the time had come. The Bible he had studied so conscientiously was borne out. Jesus the Peacemaker was truly here.

The head of the Secret Service burst into the Oval Office. "Mr. President! All of our weapons are completely unusable. Everything, from the lightest handgun to our most advanced machine gun. All of the firing mechanisms are completely fused. They have simply melted. And each gun is the same!"

The agent bit his lower lip, and his face took on a pained expression. "And each time we replace them, the parts melt and fuse into each other before we can even chamber the ammunition."

The Secret Service head looked sharply at the President. He was looking for some kind of reaction and was amazed to see Carter just sitting peacefully with his hands folded on the desk in front of him.

"You will find," said the President resignedly, "that it is the same everywhere."

The Secret Service man stared at the President incredulously. Confusion took his mind wherever it turned.

"But, sir . . . Mr. President."

They were interrupted by the ring of a red-alert phone in a secret compartment of the President's desk. Carter patiently picked up the phone, already knowing what was to come.

"Mr. President," said a powerful, panicky voice. "It is incredible, sir. All of our military equipment is inoperable. None of the weaponry works. Even the nuclear warheads cannot be fired now. It has to be some new kind of weapon aimed at us, and we are completely open to attack!"

"I think you'll find," said the President calmly, "that every country on Earth is faced with a similar situation"

"But, sir—"

The President had already hung up his red phone. The weak protests of the soldier were something he suddenly understood to be inevitable.

So, he thought, *it is true. The Lord said He was coming back to make a kingdom on Earth, and so He has taken the first step.*

The President looked up to see Jesus still standing peacefully in front of him.

"There doesn't seem to be much of a need to protect ourselves now," the President said in his soft voice. "But what will we strive for? We must have something to work toward."

"You have the answer, even at this very moment," Jesus replied. "In the '60s your venture into space, begun by the great John F. Kennedy, was





glorious, but a few greedy men wanted war more than they wanted to explore their own universe, and so your world lost that great soul. Now, without occupying yourselves building weapons, you can continue his dream.

"If you're not busy building orbiting bombs, you can build wondrous space stations. Take the money you put toward weapons and put it into solving the problems of the ages. You will build space academies instead of armies, and your youth will flock to them with visions of seeing the universe. You'll harness the power of the sun to solve your energy needs. Your people will live in enormous space communities and solve your population and food problems. All this will come to pass because of the lack of your terrible armaments.

"Now, you are truly blessed, Jimmy," said Jesus once again.

The President watched as the form dissolved into mist, and was gone.

Things, Carter thought, are finally going to change.

The new world had begun.

* * *

All over America things were happening. No one understood why their guns didn't work. God had given only a few the insight to understand what was taking place, and then only gradually. Everywhere that violence tried to take

hold, it was immediately stymied. If someone tried to stab someone else, he would find that the blade had turned to soft foam. When a man tried to beat another with his fists, a confusion came over his mind, and when it lifted, the desire to hurt another had disappeared. Even automobiles could not collide with one another or come in contact with a person's body. When a car was about to crash into another car or a person, it would miss by inches. It would veer off or slow down until the danger had passed.

And what was also coming to be was a certain elation. Each person began to experience it. The feeling just welled up inside each person's heart until he felt peace and security with everything. It was like waking from a bad dream and realizing it had only been a dream.

The walls and blockades that each person sets up began to dissolve. The differences between people seemed to melt away until all that was left were elation and the knowledge that each person was an extension of every other person.

It happened everywhere.

* * *

Glenn Allen was sitting in front of the television, as usual. He had been crippled by polio at the age of six and was only five-feet tall. The top of his body

was well-developed and muscular because it had to carry the burden of getting his body around. His legs were spindly and weak. Only their metal braces hid the scars of the many useless operations he had had as a child. Handling his crutches had been like lifting weights. He was 28 years old, but his legs were those of the six-year-old who had gotten so sick that one autumn day 22 years before.

He was watching the news, which was filled with speculation about the current changes. The newscaster said there were people who believed it was a miracle sent by God.

God, bullshit! Glenn thought. *It's probably some secret weapon from the Russians, or better yet, from outer space. It figures they'd just take away people's means of defending themselves before they move in for the kill. Christ! If there really is a God to come back to Earth, why the hell doesn't He make me walk again?*

As soon as he finished the thought, Glenn felt a moment of fear and coldness. He swallowed hard and tried to shake it. He felt as if his legs were on fire from within . . . as if the marrow in his very bones were radioactive. He could feel the heat in every cell of his legs. Suddenly his braces started to bite into his skin. He ripped off the leather straps that bound them to his thighs and sat there watching as his legs got stronger. He could see them enlarge and throb with life. Shortly, he stood. He was six-feet tall. He couldn't even see the floor as he knelt on his knees, because the tears were too thick to look through.

* * *

Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev was sitting at his desk in the Kremlin when Jesus Christ appeared before him. Brezhnev looked at Him stunned, recognizing Him immediately both with his eyes and in his heart. The Russian rang instantly for his guards.

"Yes, comrade," the two guards chimed as they burst into the room, their useless machine guns at the ready. "What is it?"

They don't see Him, Brezhnev thought, and if I say anything to them about what I see . . . "Thank you. I'm sorry, but my finger absently touched the button. You're dismissed." And with a wave of his hand the guards were once again outside.

"Leonid Ilyich," Jesus said, "My time for coming back to Earth has arrived. You would do well not to protest the inevitable."

Brezhnev was blustery. "This is our country, our Russia. It is not for You to make the policy of governments."

(continued on page 117)



BEAVER HUNT



Want to be rich and famous? Well, the \$50 we pay for photos we run in *Beaver Hunt* won't turn you into a Rockefeller, but it will make you or your favorite Beaver famous. We're sitting here waiting for your entry, so lift those skirts and drop those shorts and start snapping pix. We're looking for snatches, cocks and couples. And if we select you for an extended photo-feature, you'll be paid professional models' rates. All

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Photo by a Friend



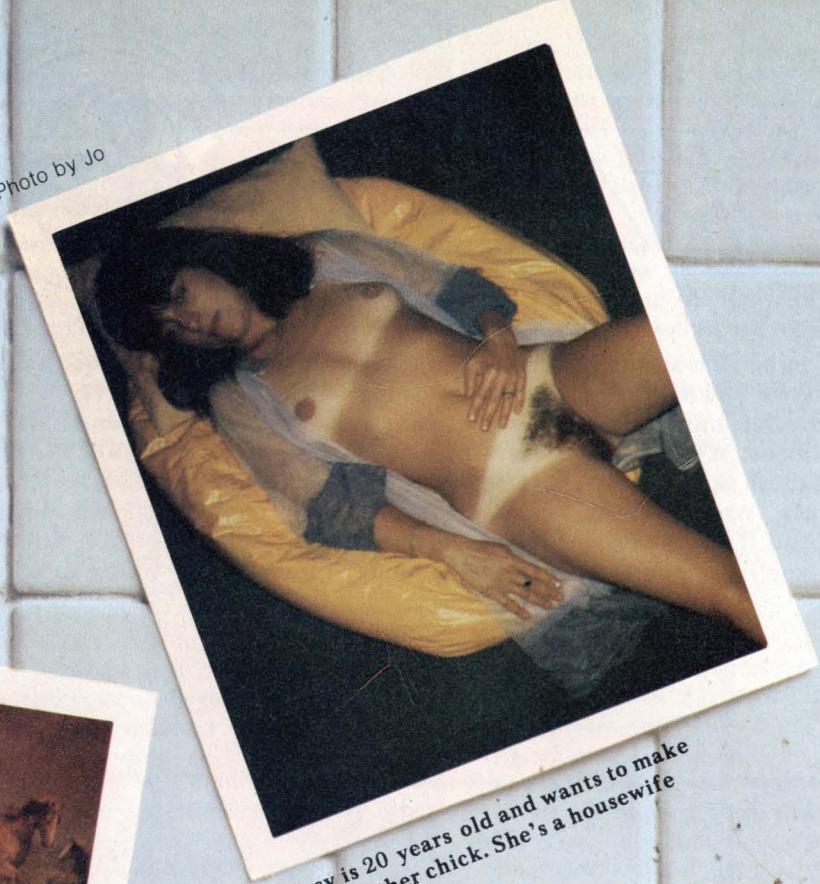
Laurier Charette is from Sudbury, Ontario. She's 22 and apparently loves the idea of guys getting off looking at her pussy in *Beaver Hunt*. In her spare time she likes to jog, go to the movies, play tennis and dance.

Lynn Cody's favorite fantasy is coming true. This 25-year-old stewardess from Miami, Florida, tells us she's dreamed of appearing in a men's magazine.



Photo by Lynn Cody

Photo by Jo



For Vicki Lin Mowery a good time is oral sex with older guys. This go-go dancer from San Diego, California, is 24 years old.



Photo by Tommy Murita

Chrissy is 20 years old and wants to make it with another chick. She's a housewife from Akron, Ohio.

Photo by Earl Erickson



Dancing nude in front of hundreds of men with hard-ons is the dream of Gerlinda Pellici, 23, an entertainer from Tacoma, Washington.

Photo by John Dewis



Carol Dewis is a 27-year-old housewife from Elgin, Illinois. She'd like to have sex in a threesome—if one of the guys had a 12-inch cock.

This 23-year-old North Miami, Florida, lady calls herself Luv Bug. She tells us she's a nurses' aide and an escort, and would like to have sex with her boyfriend and a bisexual girl at the same time.



Photo by William Ward



Photo by Randy Smith

Bobbie Jean Mills says she likes men "thick and big." She's a 19-year-old salesgirl from Hialeah, Florida.



Photo by Louis Ames

Alice Fisher is a singer and housewife in the Bahamas. She's 25 and says her sexual fantasies are too personal to reveal right now.



Getting it on with a couple of defensive tackles is the fantasy of Jaime Knotts. Jaime, 29, is a waitress from New Orleans.



Photo by Steve Fisher

Photo by Ken Mullis



Mentor, Ohio, is the home of Jan Kiska, a 30-year-old who likes to flash her beaver at horny men.

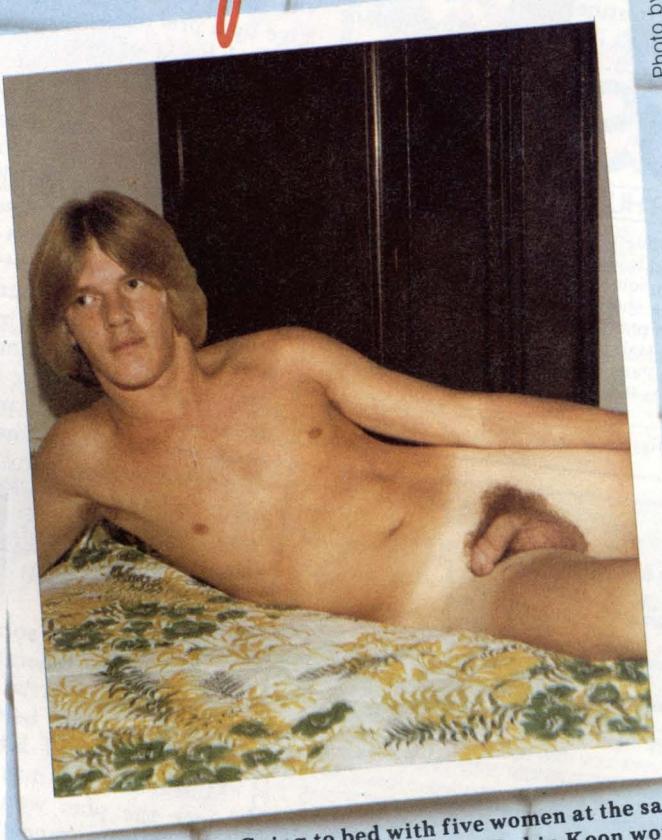
Photo by Anthony R.



Dory R. says she'd "like to get banged by two men at once." Dory is a 42-year-old housewife from Piscataway, New Jersey.

One for the ladies

Photo by J.



Going to bed with five women at the same time is what 22-year-old Robin Koon would like to do. This stud is a store manager from Greensboro, North Carolina.



Photo by a Friend

Being tied to a brass bed and sexually "tortured" is the fantasy of Sandy Penny. Twenty-six years old, she's a clerk from Lackawanna, New York.



CIRCUMCISION

(continued from page 38)

sion as a masturbatory preventative became a routine procedure.

Writing in *Human Nature* magazine, Karen Erickson Paige, associate professor of psychology at the University of California at Davis, stated: "Parents wanted to control the sexual impulses of their children; physicians wanted to demonstrate and consolidate their new powers." And as decades passed, the reasons for continuing circumcision changed to meet the social climate of the times, until nearly all males born in the 1950s were routinely put to the knife.

At present the tide seems to be

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 89). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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Photographer _____

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Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: Model Other

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Model's Legal Signature _____

turning, and doctors such as Thomas J. Ritter, a general surgeon in Pennsylvania, are gradually becoming outspoken against the practice of routine circumcision. But there is still a long way to go. Dr. Ritter charges that most doctors aren't aware of the full impact of routine circumcision and that many are simply "reluctant to forgo the money" they rake in from the surgery.

An estimated 1.3 million infant boys are circumcised annually in this country for a fee ranging from \$25 to \$75. Doctors who routinely perform the surgery three or four times a week pocket upwards of \$5,000 a year for this unnecessary procedure. In other words, the medical profession isn't likely to give up a practice that nets an annual financial boost of nearly \$32 million to \$95 million.

While most of this money is paid out through medical insurance, it doesn't appear that insurance companies will ban the payment for this procedure either. According to a spokesman for Blue Shield, which pays doctors (Blue Cross pays hospitals), it is the policyholder and not the insurance company who determines what medical services will be paid. For example, if the employer takes out a Blue Shield plan and is willing to pay the premium for services that include circumcision, then Blue Shield won't deny the policyholder that coverage. In short, the insurance company won't say, "No, we don't pay for that," as long as the policyholder wants it included in the benefits package.

But there is some hope on the horizon, if the federal government steps in. A controversial national health-insurance plan being formulated by Senator Edward Kennedy (Democrat-Massachusetts) may affect this policy, since the plan would set down guidelines for insurance companies. But the measure, which may not be voted on even by the end of 1979 and which will be lobbied for and against by various medical interests, is likely to undergo many changes before its passage.

What actually is needed is to change the way Americans view circumcision. And this may be more difficult to bring about than one might think. One of the major factors in this situation is the sexually repressive nature of our society, a situation affecting the medical community as well as the general public. "It's hard getting doctors to discuss sexuality," Dr. Ritter points out. "They're embarrassed." Ritter adds that a lot of arguments against routine circumcision involve sex; yet, he notes, "the average person has so many sexual hang-ups"

that it's a difficult topic to explore.

In order to better understand the sexual implications of circumcision, as well as some of the physical risks involved, a knowledge of the procedure is necessary. Circumcisions are performed on infant males within one week of birth. The infant who has just undergone the traumatic experience of childbirth must now face surgery—without anesthesia.

The procedure involves the removal of the foreskin of the penis. The foreskin is normally adherent—or attached—at birth (and even during the first few years of life), so the doctor must separate it from the glans, or head of the penis, with probes. The opening of the foreskin is then stretched and retracted to allow a bell-shaped device to be placed over the glans, after which the foreskin is pulled over the bell. Next, a clamp is placed on the base of the foreskin, and allowed to remain there for several minutes in order to crush and seal the skin, mucous membrane and blood vessels in that area. In one technique of circumcision the clamp and bell remain on until the foreskin falls off (due to a lack of circulation) a few days later. But in the routine form of the surgery the foreskin is cut off at the base of the bell.

There is no need for stitches in the postnatal form of circumcision, and there is practically no blood shed. Because of this and because of the fact that only a small area of skin is removed, the surgery is considered simple.

But this "simple" act takes away an area of skin whose underside, which faces the head of the penis, is a mucous membrane, as is the head of the penis. After circumcision the skin of the glans loses its mucous quality, becoming more like the skin of the rest of the body. Dr. Ritter claims that this desensitizes the head of the penis: "Even if it means only a loss of anywhere from 5 to 11 percent of the nerve endings, it is still a loss of sensitivity in one of the most sensitive areas of the body."

On this account, Ritter has taken a hard stance against findings by Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson, the sex researchers, who say that there is no difference between the sensitivity of circumcised and uncircumcised penises. Ritter finds fault with their study and how it was conducted. First of all, only 35 uncircumcised subjects were compared against 312 circumcised men, which "may not be statistically significant," according to Ritter. Furthermore, the study doesn't mention if the testing was done on flaccid or erect penises, which would have "tremendous bearing upon the responses" given. And finally, the study relied on the "subjective inter-

pretation of patients under highly emotional and experimental conditions." As a result, Ritter believes the Masters and Johnson study is, at best, questionable.

Sensitivity of the penis aside, Ritter also points out that, with the loss of the foreskin the male loses a natural gliding mechanism helpful with the sex act. "With a foreskin it's possible for the erectile body of the shaft to move back and forth within the loose outer skin," Ritter says. Circumcision causes a tightening of the outer skin of the penis, and this has an effect in sex even if only applied to masturbation. The natural mucous membrane of the uncircumcised male provides lubrication, and he can masturbate without touching or irritating the glans.

But even more important, the lubrication provided by the mucous membrane of an uncircumcised penis is extremely helpful in coitus, especially for men who have sex with older women, who may experience a dryness of the vagina in later years. "With the foreskin covering all or part of the glans, a man can insert his penis and move the erect shaft against the outer skin without irritating the dry vagina," Ritter claims. This would also apply to anal sex.

But the history of circumcision makes the foreskin, and the mucous membrane it covers, a factor in the routine nature of the surgery rather than an argument against it. The head of the uncircumcised penis will collect smegma (commonly called "cheese"). If allowed to build up, this may not only be painful, but can also be a breeding ground for venereal germs. Hence, circumcision has been promoted as a preventative of venereal disease and as a matter of hygiene.

"If we can teach a boy to brush his teeth, clean his ears and wipe his anus," Ritter asks, "would it be too much to teach him to retract his foreskin and wash the head of his penis?" Ritter's point is that smegma can be eliminated with regular washing, which seems to him a more sensible approach than routine circumcision.

But sexual repression plays a strong part in this argument. Apart from a doctor's probable reluctance to discuss this subject with parents, embarrassed mothers and fathers may shy away from explaining this element of basic hygiene to the prepubescent boy just learning to bathe himself.

Additionally, retracting the foreskin and washing it with warm soapy water can be sexually arousing, and parents, whether consciously or unconsciously, are likely to want to steer their young sons away from this type of behavior,

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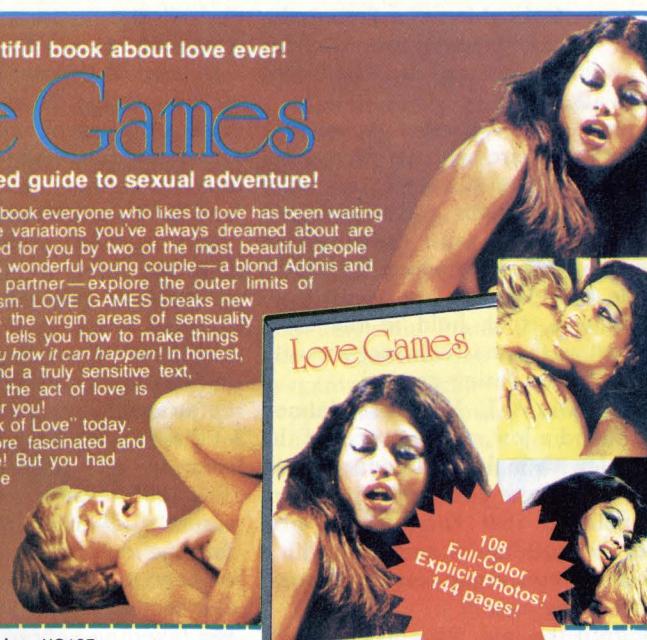
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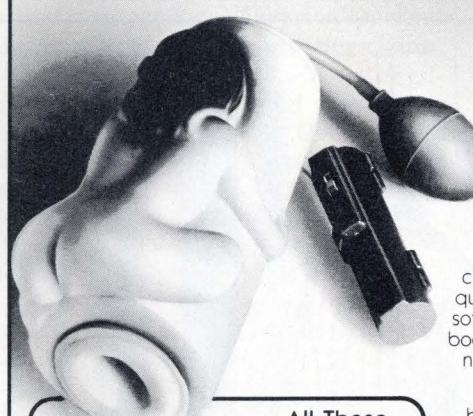
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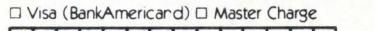
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Ritter says. It could mean facing the question of why it's wrong when it feels good, and for some parents that's too much to ask.

Until recently, two other "scientific" arguments for circumcision were that uncircumcised men run a greater risk of getting cancer of the penis and that uncircumcised men cause cancer of the cervix in women with whom they have sex. The penile-cancer argument, ironically enough, took hold in the early 1930s, just as the masturbatory-insanity argument began losing ground.

In 1932 Dr. A. L. Wolbarst claimed he had found a low rate of cancer of the penis in Jewish males and deduced that the low rates were due to circumcision. He concluded that circumcision prevented the buildup of smegma, which supposedly contained carcinogens—cancer-causing agents.

Not until the late '60s and early '70s did research prove otherwise, especially under the noted obstetrical and gynecological researcher Dr. Richard Telinde, professor emeritus at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. What research did show, however, was that approximately 300 cases of penile cancer occur in America annually—not enough to warrant mass circumcision.

Smegma reportedly also caused cervical cancer, and as a consequence of this

belief circumcisions were continued. Finally, in 1973, Milton Ferris, Fitzpatrick Wilson and James Nelson, Jr., found that there was no relationship between cervical cancer and uncircumcised males. Currently, sex researchers attribute cancer of the cervix to early and frequent sexual intercourse with many partners, multiple marriages and heredity.

Much of this information was compiled in a report published in 1971 by a task force of the American Academy of Pediatrics. In 1975 the Committee on Fetus and Newborn turned in its report of the Ad Hoc Task Force on Circumcision, reviewing the 1971 information. The 1975 review concluded, as had the earlier study, that "there are no valid medical indications for circumcision in the neonatal period." [Emphasis added.] But as yet the academy's executive board has taken no action, although members of the 1971 task force are outspoken on the subject.

"I don't think that anyone can support doing circumcisions to prevent disease," says Dr. Stanton Polin, a surgeon at the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. (Polin is also a certified mohel, a person who performs the ritual circumcision of Jewish babies.) Dr. Hugh Thompson of the University of Arizona School of Medicine believes that the

risks of routine circumcision outweigh any possible advantages. Many complications— infections, scars, even penile amputations—are caused by carelessness because doctors view it as a routine operation. And Dr. George Kaplan, former acting chief of pediatric urology at the University of California School of Medicine in San Diego, has suggested that pediatricians have "overdone routine circumcisions."

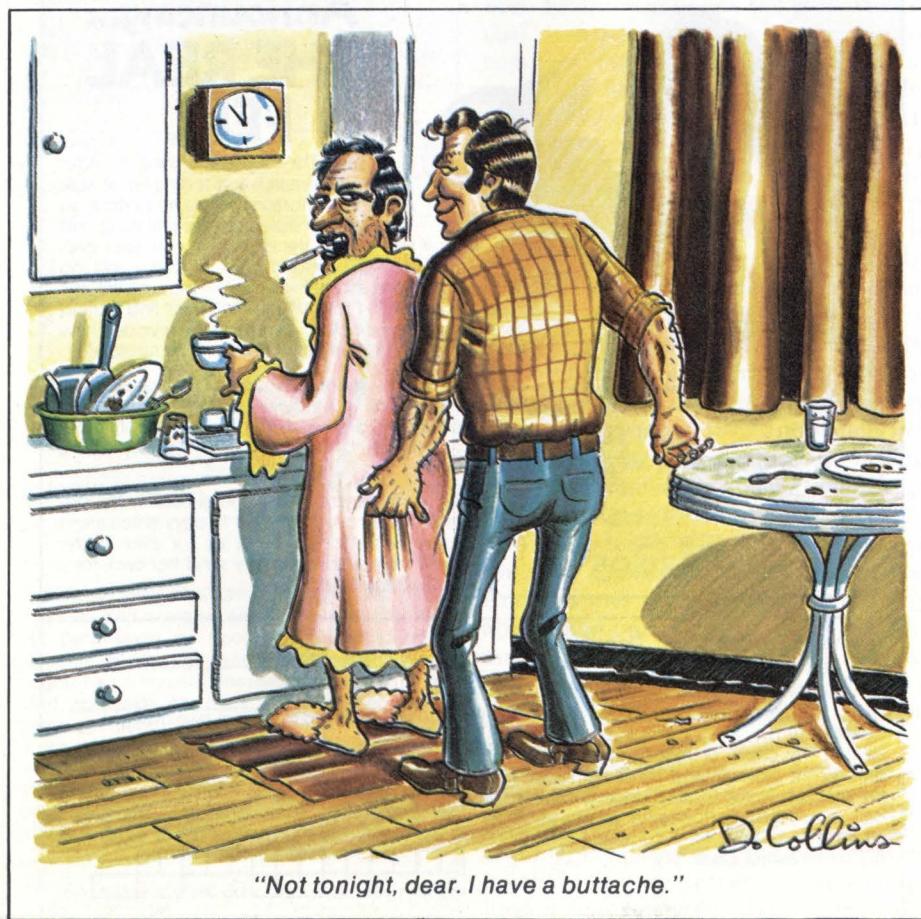
According to Dr. Ritter, the risk that is coming to the fore today is a condition called meatal stenosis, a hardening and narrowing of the urinary opening. He believes that the incidence of stenosis is increasing due to the growing use of paper diapers, which are more abrasive against the exposed head of the penis than cloth diapers. Even *The Journal of Forensic Medicine* lists wet and abrasive diapers as a factor in meatal stenosis, as well as in ulcers (open sores) of the glans and urethral opening.

Dr. Ritter feels that meatal stenosis, ulcers and the procedures necessary to correct these problems should be reasons enough to abandon the practice of circumcision. Then there are the other complications that may arise from the surgery. For example, hemorrhaging (or excessive bleeding) is possible in anywhere from 2 to 8 percent of such surgeries, medical journals report. Or it is possible for the doctor to cut off too much of the skin, resulting in a bowed penis. On rare occasions a glans or even an entire penis has been amputated.

Circumcision of adult males, aside from religious reasons, is dictated by physical conditions that Ritter feels should be the *only* ones used to justify performing the operation at *any* time. The most common of these, still accounting for only about *one-half of 1 percent* of all circumcisions, is phimosis, a condition in which the foreskin is too tight and does not retract. Ritter complains that many doctors aren't aware of the fact that the foreskin will often be adherent, or clinging, for the first few years of a child's life and therefore naturally difficult to pull back. But, he says, children who are not circumcised at birth may be circumcised a few years later if the condition hasn't cleared up.

Another legitimate reason for circumcision is paraphimosis, in which the section of the foreskin at the base of the glans is so tight that it restricts blood flow; this condition can be corrected without surgery if detected early. Other reasons include recurring inflammation of the glans, tumors of the penis and cases of abnormal foreskins either at birth or because of injury.

But all of these conditions are rare, and



there are fewer instances of these conditions occurring than there are of complications resulting from routine circumcision—which would seem to be reason enough from a medical standpoint to curtail the practice. Yet aside from scientific arguments for and against circumcision and the obvious effect of sexual repression, some deep psychological aspects are also part of the circumcision issue.

For instance, Dr. Sigmund Freud considered circumcision symbolic of castration, and saw it as a manifestation of jealousy on the part of a father toward his son's youth and vigor. Whether the theory is true or not, Dr. Ritter says that he has been impressed with the way many fathers "insist on it for their sons."

Of course, this can be attributed to peer pressure, a sentiment that the boy should look like other boys he might meet in the locker room or that he should be no different from his father. After all, it would be embarrassing to have to explain that difference, since it is a subject of a sexual nature.

This peer-group problem seems to be solely an American one. (As a matter of fact, even the famed Dr. Benjamin Spock advocated circumcision for that very reason until a recent edition of his classic book *Baby & Child Care*.) While the practice may be common in less-civilized, less-clean cultures of the world, it is almost unheard of in Europe, and the Canadian Pediatric Society came out against it in 1973. So it appears that the practice is continued in America because society in general is in favor of it. Circumcision is not rooted in practicality, and there is little other justification for it apart from the claim that "Everybody does it!" and because most of the medical establishment considers it to be harmless.

Now there is a growing body of evidence about the physical harm—or at least the risk—resulting from circumcision. Investigations are just starting into whether the trauma that might come from being different than other boys outweighs the trauma of undergoing within days of birth a painful operation on the most sensitive part of the male anatomy.

Already studies are showing some differences between the circumcised and the uncircumcised. For example, compared to girls and uncircumcised boys, those put to the scalpel show greater increases in the rate of heartbeat, produce more adrenaline in response to stress and stay awake longer. As a matter of fact, in all of these recent investigations it was found that circumcised males show greater signs of stress than those

left as nature made them. Could this early and unnecessary stress, coupled with cultural and environmental factors, later lead to violence, even to child abuse, as a subconscious revenge for having encountered the knife at an early age? The results of future investigations will be interesting to note.

* * *

Dr. Ritter likes to point out that parents might think a doctor is crazy for suggesting surgery on a normal baby girl a few days after birth as a precautionary measure. Yet if the same logic used for circumcision (cancer preventative, for example) is applied to females, then most women should have radical mastectomies performed at birth since some may need them in later life, or possibly they should receive hysterectomies for the same reason. And if the hygiene argument is applied to women, then the vagina should be cut completely out since it, like the uncircumcised penis, produces smegma.

"Luckily, parents would say, 'If she's normal, then there's no reason for the surgery.' But," Ritter adds, "I'm saying that a penis with a foreskin is normal. And surgery never improves on a normal structure." Yet in the case of circumcision, doctors tend to proceed with it as a matter of course. "A doctor just says, 'It's a boy; three days from now we will circumcise him.' They don't make it clear that it's optional," Ritter claims. And it is a rare occasion when a physician explains the pros and cons of circumcision to parents. "Doctors just don't think of these things," Ritter explains, in spite of the fact that the American Academy of Pediatrics' Ad Hoc Task Force on Circumcision made the following recommendation in 1975:

"The physician should provide parents with information pertaining to the long-term medical effects of circumcision, so that they make a thoughtful decision. It is recommended that this discussion take place before the birth of the infant, so that the parental consent to the surgical procedure, if given, will be truly informed.

"A program of education leading to continuing good personal hygiene would offer all the advantages of routine circumcision without attendant surgical risk."

In 1978 the board of directors of the Institute for the Study of Medical Ethics (ISME), a Los Angeles-based consumer watchdog of the medical profession, went on record questioning the continued performance of routine circumcision. (ISME was, in California, the originator and chief backer of a bill requiring the informed consent of all

patients undergoing elective or experimental treatment. The bill was passed in 1978.) Yet the procedure continues.

Traditionally, change has come about slowly in the medical profession, especially in cases involving lucrative income for doctors. The American Medical Association, which on paper is supposed to be the guardian of ethical medical practice in this country, is taking a hands-off attitude toward the subject of circumcision. Frank Chappell, science-news editor of the AMA, said that the organization is aware of the growing opposition to routine circumcision, but added, "We haven't gotten into that." He said the current AMA stand on the practice is that it is "a recognized medical procedure."

But then so were mastectomies and hysterectomies until public outcry over the increase in these surgeries—in the face of evidence that many could have been avoided through other medical procedures—changed doctors' attitudes toward performing them.

So it is likely that routine circumcision will continue in America unless the public's acceptance of it as a common practice changes. And until the public's attitude toward sex allows it to face this subject without embarrassment, millions more infant foreskins will end up in hospital incinerators each year. 

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KINKY KORNER

By Doug Legar

I guess the thing I like most about HUSTLER is the way it says sex is good for everybody. You don't know how good sex has been for me, and I don't just mean physically either. It's made me a happier man all the way around.

My problem is that I'm an amputee—or at least that was my problem. Like a bunch of other guys who came back from Vietnam, I was missing a couple of parts when I was mustered out. While on a routine patrol one of my buddies tripped a Claymore mine, which ripped him in half. That blast got my right hand and part of my forearm, and a big piece of shrapnel tore through my knee.

The most painful part of my ordeal wasn't my wounds, but my head. All I could think as I lay there waiting for a medic was, "I'm a cripple." I didn't know at the time that I'd lose the lower half of my leg, but I could see that I'd have to learn to sign my disability checks with my left hand.

If it seems that I joke about my injuries some, it's because I've learned to live with them. But even before I became totally comfortable with my loss, I tried to look on the bright side. After all, my buddy was shipped home in a body bag.

A sense of humor helped when I finally got out of the hospital and returned home. I wanted to put my parents at ease as much as possible, and I could see that my old friends were pretty uncomfortable around me at first. Of course, I was really sensitive about my mutilation, but at the same time, I didn't want pity from anyone. I figured that if I could laugh about it, then other people might not feel so sorry for me.

The doctors had me fitted with a hook to replace my hand, but I thought that the stub was less gruesome, so I only wore the hook during my regular visits to the VA center. I did learn to wear a

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



NO LESS A MAN

false leg though, since it was tough to use crutches without the hook, and I sure as hell wasn't going to sit in a wheelchair.

I was soon able to move around well enough to land a part-time job, so that along with my government dole I would have enough money to get my own apartment. Staying home would have been a sure way to fall into the habit of letting others take care of me.

I was also able to get along pretty well with my old friends, and I wasn't

afraid to meet new people. Meeting them was the easy part. But I had my biggest problem with women. A lot of them seemed like they were more interested in me than in my deformity, but I still couldn't avoid the nagging suspicion that they just felt sorry for me.

Before my buddy triggered that mine, I spent as much of my free time as possible chasing women. I wasn't any kind of great lover, but to me it beat the hell out of working on cars or studying hard in school.

With all the rehabilitation I was going through, I was able to stay busy and not worry too much about sex. But once I had gotten my act pretty much together, my pecker's needs started to become more demanding than the needs of my arm and leg.

To tell you the truth, I was scared shitless that the first time I tried to get a girl to go to bed with me, she'd jump back like she'd just been hit with a pile of shit. While I was laughing a lot on the outside, deep down I was worried that everyone just thought of me as a freak.

Then I ran into Phyllis. In high school she'd been one of those girls who "did it," and I'd heard that she had taken up fucking as a career after graduation. She had gone to the big city up north, but I found out later that things had been real tough there, so she came back home. We lived in a small town of about 30,000 people, but there were enough horny fuckers to keep a working girl busy.

Even though hookers provide a serviceman with his main source of ass, I'd never gotten over that little bit of small-town nervousness about balling them. But I'd fucked Phyllis before she turned pro, and now that I needed a piece of ass, she was like a gift from heaven. I figured she had screwed plenty of weirdos while she was in the big city, so a cripple wouldn't be that big a deal—



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especially one she already knew.

I bumped into Phyllis in a downtown store, and before I could finish stammering about what I wanted, she flat-out said that she *knew* what I needed, and we split for her apartment.

When we got there, she stripped down right away. Her long, black hair made her white skin stand out, and her taut, dark nipples stood out invitingly from her round tits. Her flat belly was complimented by her tiny waist. A black triangle of bush was placed neatly between two fine thighs, and I asked her to turn around so that I could see the way her back sloped down into a meaty, pouting ass.

I had been too busy checking out the first naked female body I'd seen since I got back to start taking my clothes off. Phyllis reached down and started to undo my belt, but I pulled back. I didn't want anybody waiting on me, even if it was to unleash my cock for some heavy sex action.

Phyllis just stepped back and told me to do it myself if that was the way I felt. I jerked my pants off, laid back on the bed and told her to get it over with. With my strapped-on leg exposed, I was really starting to feel like shit, and I just wanted to get my rocks off and get out.

Phyllis kneeled down between my legs and started sucking on my cock, which had gone limp during the undressing process. Her mouth was hot and wet, and I could feel her flicking her tongue along the underside of my shaft, but I just couldn't get hard.

I was getting more and more pissed off about the whole thing, so I grabbed her with my good arm and pulled her down on the bed. Then I leaned over her and shoved the stub of my right arm into her cunt. She let out a gasp, but she didn't make a move to get away from me. The end of what was left of my arm was about as big around as a cock, but it tapered quickly to the size of a normal arm.

I began to yell that I'd show her how crippled I was, and that nobody could treat me like a freak, when she started to moan and shake on the bed. I realized then that she was fucking back against me, and I could see the moisture glistening on her stretched-out cunt lips. This made me realize what I was doing, so I immediately pulled my arm out of her.

She moved around and started sucking my cock, which was now as hard as the bone in my stub. I wasn't even aware of my erection until she put her hot mouth on it. It had been a long time since I'd been laid, and once she got her tongue working on my shaft, I could feel

the cum boiling out of my balls, up through my cock and then spurting down her throat.

When it was all over, I started to feel guilty about the way I had acted. It didn't help any when she said that even a cripple like me could get his nut if he wanted to.

Then she really tore into me. She said that I could feel sorry for myself all I wanted, but that she wouldn't put up with my self-pity.

But what she said next stung me even more. She told me that just because I was fucked up was no reason to treat her like a freak. She admitted she'd gotten off on the arm-fucking, but maybe it was because she wanted to be hurt. She explained that she'd been an outcast most of her life too, and now, when she thought she could do something nice for one guy, he treated her like shit.

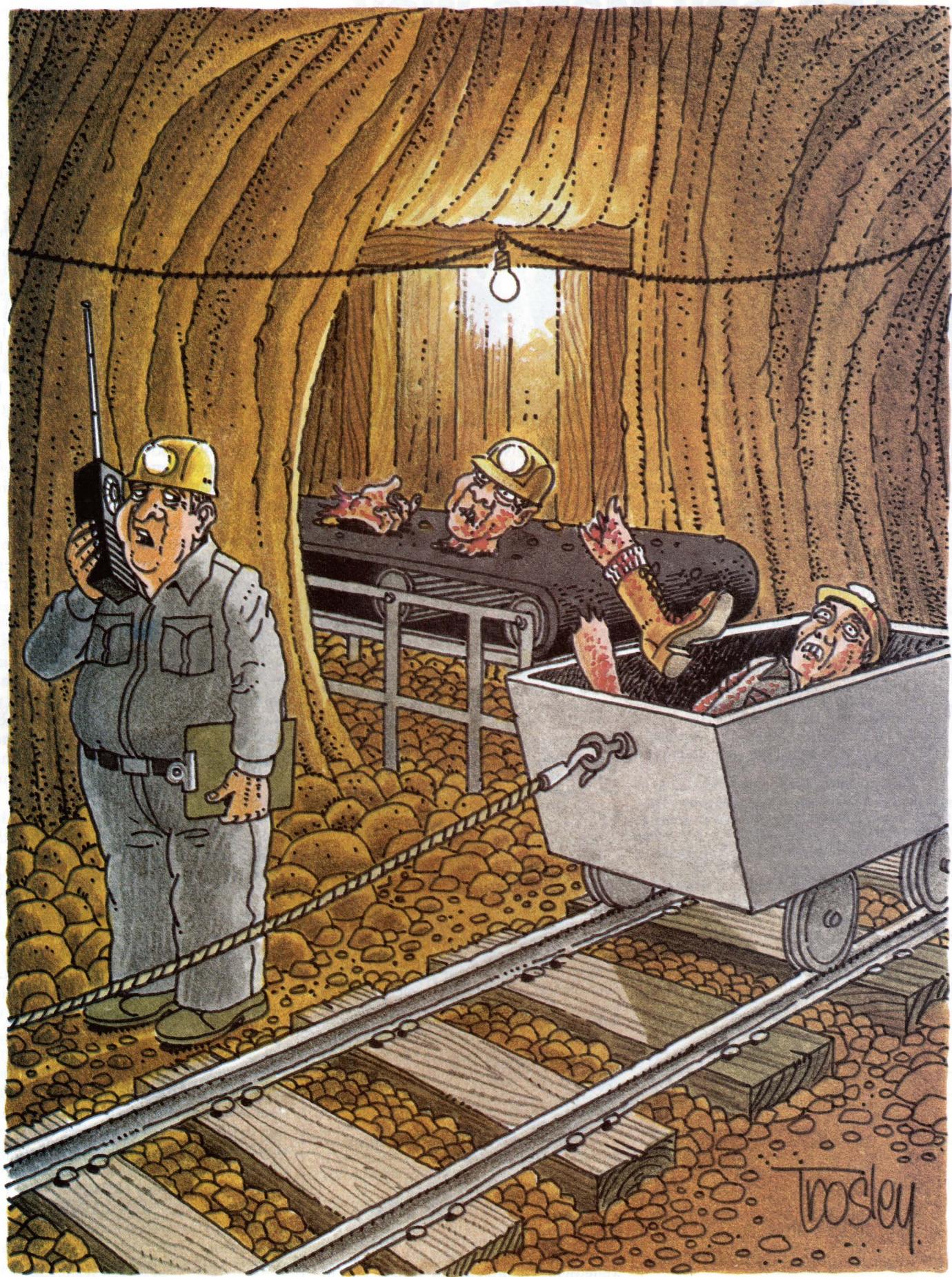
I put my clothes on and got out of there as fast as I could. I felt worse than at any time since I had lost my limbs, and to top it off, it looked like I had royally screwed up my only sure piece of ass in town.

When I got home, I thought a lot about what Phyllis had said. She hadn't done anything to deserve what I did. Her being a whore didn't make her any less human, but people treated her worse than they did me. I was a freak, but that was OK, since I got that way in war. But a woman who'll have sex with lots of men, even gimps like me, is not OK.

It looked as though Phyllis and I had more in common than I'd figured. The next day, after work, I stopped by her place. I was glad she didn't slam the door in my face, and I apologized for the way I had acted. Then I asked if I could take her out. I didn't want to treat her like a whore, but like a regular chick, I told her, and I didn't care what people thought or said. For the first time since I'd come home, I was ready to accept myself.

Phyllis couldn't believe it, but when I showed up later that evening, she was ready to go. We went out on the town. Afterward I was ready to drop her off at home because I didn't want her to feel like she had to earn her date. She wouldn't hear of it. She told me that fucking for the fun of it was something she hadn't done in a long time. For that matter, neither had I.

I insisted that she let me undress her, and I enjoyed the feeling of undoing each button on her dress. When I pulled it away, I found she was wearing a lacy black bra and some very brief black panties. I unhooked her bra and slowly



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Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to—for whatever reason.)

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all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

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We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is—by far—also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back *plus* an additional five dollars from us. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

pulled the straps down off her shoulders. I exposed one breast at a time, licking all around each one and then sucking gently on each nipple.

Her hand moved to my belt, and I didn't pull back this time. Quickly she opened my trousers, and her hand shot in to grab my cock. She only had to caress it once for it to stand up, ready for action. She raised her ass so that I could peel off her panties, and as I began to stroke her ass and thighs with my good hand, she took my stub of an arm and placed it against her crotch.

I looked up in surprise, but she just smiled and began rubbing her hot mound against my shortened forearm. I lightly grazed the tip of it against her moist lips as she parted her legs to give me better access. I began to rub the tip on her clitoris, and she pressed her throbbing button against it. After a few minutes she was shaking and gasping, and I knew I'd made her come.

She made me lay back after I'd removed my shirt, and she pulled down my pants. She unstrapped my fake leg. I was going crazy by the time she started running her tongue along toward my cock. With her moist hole astride my half a leg, she began to tongue my balls.

I couldn't wait to get my pecker into her hot mouth, and by the time she'd worked her way up to the tip of it she was riding my leg like a poodle. She swallowed my cock in one move, and I nearly shot down her throat right then. But that wasn't what she had in mind for me.

She was as randy as I was by the time she moved up to sit over my waiting tool. She placed the tip of my cock at the opening of her cunt, and began to use her pussy muscles to pull me into her, one excruciating inch at a time. By the time she had pulled all of my pecker into her cunt in this fashion, I was ready to fill her belly with cum. I began to pound into her, and she fucked back against me, continuing to use her talented cunt muscles to milk my rod.

I could feel my cock harden to its fullest as it erupted, emptying my load. Even after I'd pumped the last time, her cunt was still squeezing my cock, draining it of every drop of cum. Just as I thought I couldn't stand it anymore, she shuddered and collapsed on me as she enjoyed her second climax.

Not long after that, Phyllis and I got married. We were two of a kind, and we fit together well. But most important, she'd taught me that even though parts of me were gone, I was still as much a man as anybody else.

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2. Identify the product you purchased:

3. Approximate date you purchased the product:

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7. I live in the City of _____
 State of _____

8. Other comments:

HU579L

PROFILE: WILLIAM SIBERT

(continued from page 82)

story I told everybody. I left it vague. I said if they wanted to know any more, they could call my lawyer. I didn't even have a lawyer at the time, but I went out and got one. I told him I'd be needing him soon, but I didn't tell him for what. Then they dropped it.

"It's amazing what people will believe," says Sibert, talking from experience. "I used to check the mail for days after I'd taken a check to be sure there wasn't any slip-up. I was worried I'd be found out. But I never was."

Sibert's sudden wealth mystified his co-workers, but, even after an investigation, the Department of Transportation, the General Accounting Office and the Treasury Department never caught on to the scheme government lawyers later called amateurish.

Even when questioned by his wife, Sibert told Eva she was better off not knowing anything about the money. At this point, anyway, he was seeing less of Eva and more of another woman. As a postadolescent fuck-you to his mother, he'd begun living with a woman named Lois, who was both black and Catholic. As his bank account blossomed, the couple moved into a luxury suite at the Capital Hilton, one of Washington's finest downtown hotels. (After Sibert's arrest in Las Vegas the Justice Department confiscated the suite's contents, which included a GAF sound-movie camera and projector, three Love-Mate porn films and several home-made movies as well.)

"The thing between me and Lois happened after I left my wife," Sibert says. "It was just one of those things. She sort of got bedazzled by the money. She's never had things before, you know? If anyone took advantage of my generosity, I guess Lois did—but subconsciously. She's always been poor, and the money got to her."

Sibert was giving his wife a great deal of money too. "Eva went through four cars in three months. She couldn't make up her mind. First she had a Versailles, then she wanted a Mercedes, then she traded in the Mercedes for another Versailles." Sibert also bought cars for his mother, sister and brother, for Lois, for Lois's mother, for Gene Young—all brand-new luxury cars. He bought his mother-in-law a used Dodge.

But William Sibert's craziest venture was to purchase the Lone Star Beef House in Washington with the aid of friend Gene Young. A used-car salesman, he had sold Sibert a Dodge Diplomat, and after that Sibert would come

by periodically to show off the new cars he was purchasing.

"We started becoming friends," Young says, "and he had some money he wanted to invest. A friend of mine owned the Lone Star, and I knew that he wanted to sell it. So I took Bill down and showed him the club—and he was awestruck. He told me that he'd buy the club if I would be his partner. Hell, I didn't have no money to buy no club, so he lent me the money." And they became partners.

The Lone Star Beef House is mostly a daytime place. Lunch is big business, with FBI agents and other government workers dropping in to munch on cheeseburgers and french fries while seminude dancers entertain them. After Sibert's arrest the Justice Department took over the Lone Star, making the club's dancers the only professional go-go girls on the federal payroll.

Under government ownership the Lone Star gained a chic notoriety, and business boomed. Last September the General Services Administration sold the establishment for \$51,250.

Most of Bill Sibert's worldly goods resold for less than the original price he had paid for them. The house that he had bought for \$56,000 and had spent \$30,000 remodeling brought in only \$60,000. At the auction George Showers, who owns K. T. Showers, the jewelry shop in Suitland where Sibert had purchased most of his gems, bought back a diamond-and-ruby ring for \$1,000. Just weeks before he had sold it to Sibert for \$6,500.

Teddy Hillman, the car salesman who sold Sibert Continentals and other luxury cars for top dollar, tells of another instance in which easy money was made because Sibert spent so freely. "The travel agent told me that when Bill was planning his trip to Las Vegas, he wanted to stay in the best suite at Caesars Palace," says Hillman, "but some big-shot had already reserved the \$1,500-a-night penthouse. When Bill heard this, he grabbed the phone and demanded the suite anyway. The manager told him he had another fine suite for \$1,000 a night, but Bill said that wasn't good enough. So the manager rented him the \$1,000 suite for \$1,500 a night."

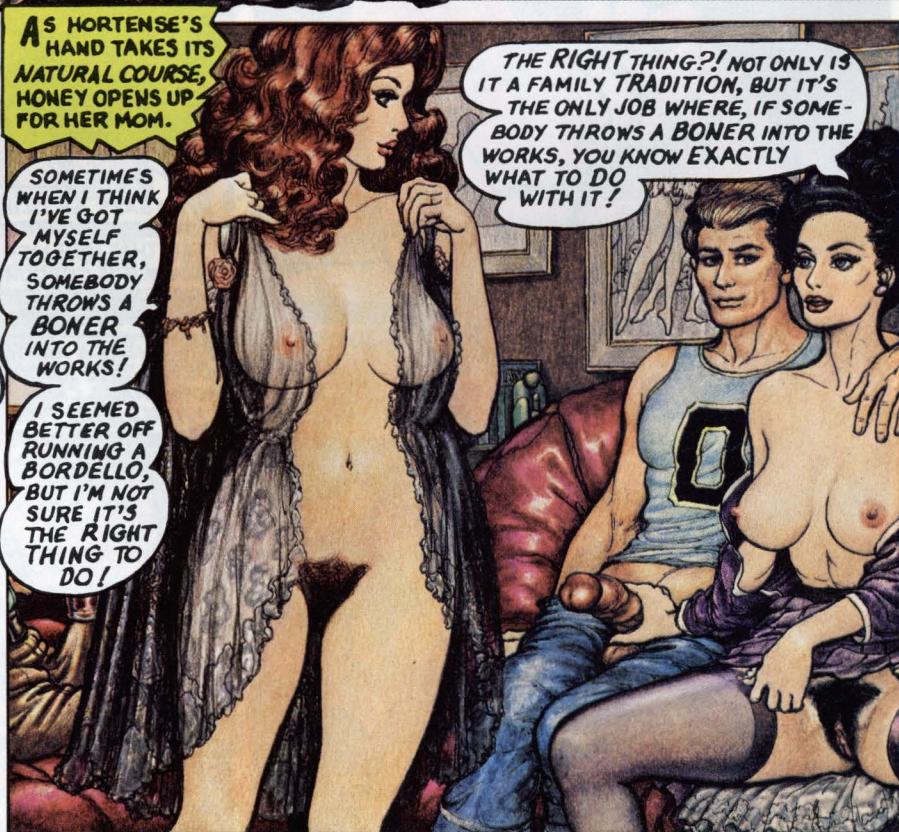
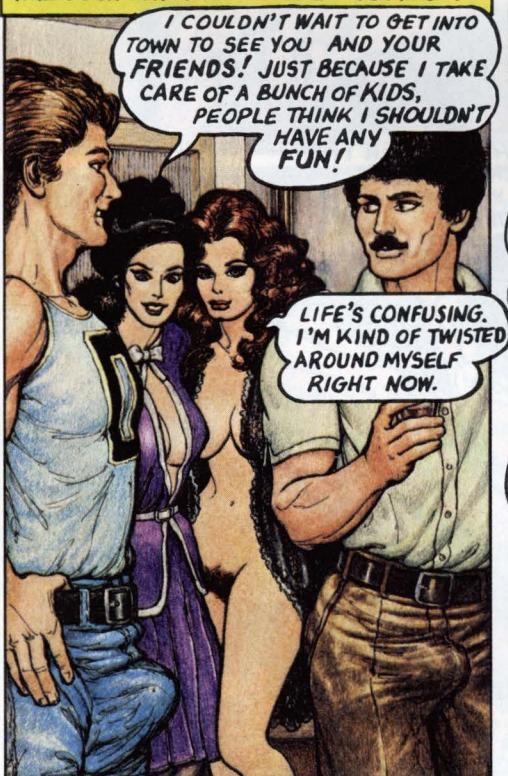
Of course, as Sibert says, it's easier to spend money when it's not yours. Still, you wonder why Bill Sibert, who was clever enough to steal close to a million dollars from the federal government, wasn't smart enough to spend his money more wisely. "He's a beautiful example of conspicuous consumption," says his

(continued on page 109)

Honey

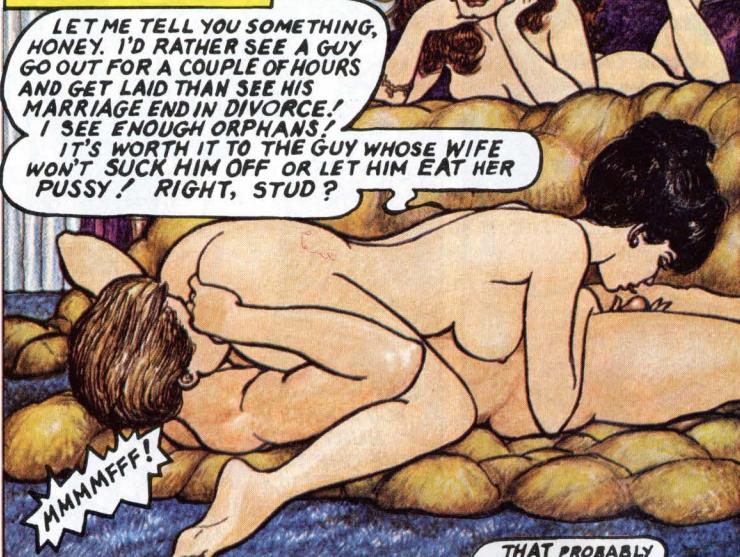


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TO MAKE A POINT.





PROFILE: WILLIAM SIBERT

(continued from page 104)

probation officer.

Sibert could have dreamed up a trickier scam, could have been more cautious and covered his tracks more carefully. "Yeah, I could have," he says now. "These large contracts for building subway systems don't get audited until the subways are completed, which could be ten or 15 years in some cases. I could have drawn smaller checks over a longer period of time. But I was in a hurry—trying to solve my immediate problems as fast as possible."

On the morning of August 5, 1977, just before the big trip to Vegas, Sibert withdrew a large amount of money from his bank. It proved to be his last withdrawal. A new teller, not the one he usually visited, became suspicious of the enormous sums of money so quickly pumping into Sibert's checking account. The bank notified the Secret Service, which was already conducting an investigation into Sibert's sudden rise in fortune. Five hours later Secret Service agents and FBI men were questioning Sibert in Las Vegas.

The money is all gone now. The flashy car, the color TVs, the movie cameras, the rings and bracelets, the leather coats, the bar, the houseboat, the house... all were repossessed and sold by the Justice Department. Bill Lengacher, chief of judgment enforcement in the Justice Department's Civil Division, estimates that all but between \$250,000 and \$300,000 from Sibert's spending spree has been or will be recovered. When Sibert gets out of prison, he will owe the Justice Department the rest—money he spent on trips and in card games and money given away to friends and strangers alike.

Sibert's friends have been harassed by FBI agents hoping to scare them into returning Sibert's gifts to the government. Some have cooperated, but most know that the FBI can't force them to return the money. They just tell the agents that it has all been spent. Sibert's girlfriend, Lois, lost her job at the Department of Transportation but now is working in another branch of the federal government. Lewis Keeton, Sibert's boss, has been transferred to another section of DOT.

"It's ruined my reputation," says Keeton. "Forty-two years of government service with a perfect record. There's a good possibility that I'll be fired eventually. I've been cleared by the grand jury—I was only following procedure—but they've got to have a scapegoat.

"Even though it's cost me all this,"

Keeton continues, "I have nothing against Bill. He's such a nice guy. It was quite a surprise to everyone."

The Department of Transportation has "instituted a series of actions to prevent this kind of thing from happening again," according to Dwayne Trecker of DOT. Still, there are thousands of loopholes in government procedures and regulations that allow the creative larcenist to shake down tax dollars.

"I doubt if I'd do it again," Bill Sibert says now, "because it didn't settle the problems I had in the first place. My family and friends have been harassed by the Secret Service and the Justice Department. I've got a judgment against me. I'm still in debt."

Currently Bill Sibert is active in the Ashland Federal Correctional Center's chapter of the Jaycees. He reads James Michener and Harold Robbins, takes self-improvement courses and is picking up college credits in accounting. He says he's determined to make something of himself when he gets out.

Eva Sibert and her husband correspond regularly and plan to live together when Sibert is released from prison. He intends to apply for another government job. "I turned in my resignation before I was caught," he says. "The funny thing is that, by law, anything that happens after you turn in your resignation doesn't go into your personnel file. So in my file there is no record, no mention of what I'd done. Of course, I'll have to put my conviction down on job applications—the same way I did when I got my first job with the government. I'm sure that I'll be hired again."

Bill Sibert misses his freedom. He misses Eva; he misses Lois; he misses the card games, the flashy cars, the good times that were so short-lived. Some people remember William C. Sibert as a silly big spender, a pudgy, unloved man grabbing his few minutes of fame. But, for all his flamboyant foolishness, Sibert was a desperate man with creditors on his ass and many old disappointments adding up.

Ultimately, what he did was wrong; you don't help yourself to your piece of the rock quite so blatantly. As a small-time hustler, he'll pay the full penalty for getting caught. Meantime, the corporations will continue to offer credit to people who are overextended; TV shows will continue to tease us with glamorous illusions about what makes a man or woman successful; and the government will go on spending our money extravagantly and foolishly. And guys like Bill Sibert will keep on losing, while the taxpayer will keep on paying.



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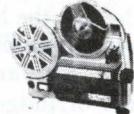
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TEN SEXFILMS IN COLOR FOR ONLY \$46.50!

Film Selection 2 is, if possible, even better than Film Selection 1!!! A big German sexcompany has asked us to choose the ten top films from our DANISH AND SWEDISH EROTIC MOVIES. The result is ten films that we have appropriately called THE BEST OF SCANDINAVIAN THRILLS. These ten lavish *deluxe* films, A1-quality, sparkling colors. Super 8 or Regular 8, beautifully boxed are all yours for only \$46.50! That means only \$4.65 per film! A momentous event! An offer we make to win new film customers. Take this opportunity now to enjoy the sex action you have dreamed about! These are the ten films you get, all pure sex, untouched by censors, intimate straight-on erotica, frenzied action, (the number of persons within the parentheses after each filmtitle) Double Entry (1 W - 2 M), French Massage (2 W - 2 M), Summer Score (1 W - 1 M), Wet Panties (2 W - 1 M), Getting Laid (1 W - 2 M), A Happy Night with Hookers (3 W - 2 M), Plump Hanna wants it Greek (1 W - 1 M) and a trilogy of privately filmed erotic movies featuring sex action from a famous free-for-all nudistcamp: Lesbian Nudists (2 W), Nudist Twist (2 couples in the hot love dance!), Tourist in The Nudist Camp (2 W - 1 M). A whole filmcollection at a dazzlingly low price! Order these films now and enjoy the sensual experience of watching these carnal sexfilms in the privacy of your own living or bedroom!!! ATTENTION ATTENTION ATTENTION: If you purchase both Film Selection 1 and Film Selection 2 you get inclusive at no extra cost one of the splendid EXTRAVAGANZA films in color, 200 ft. (suggested list price \$40!!!) An explosion of classy, intensive premium sex action! Don't miss out - fill out and mail us the coupon now while these elaborate sexfilms are still available at these low prices!

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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Besides us, we suggest you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

BLUE-COLLAR BOOKS

By and large, the American reading public hasn't cared much about blue-collar literature, despite the dominant role work plays in the lives of most people. *Singlejack Books* (P.O. Box 1906, San Pedro, California 90733) is a small press that's trying to change all that. Run by full-time longshoreman Bob Miles and former docker Stan Weir, *Singlejack* is dedicated to publishing stories "about or related to work, written by the people who are doing it."

Miles and Weir began with a series of what they call *Singlejack Little Books*, small yellow booklets that tuck handily into the pockets of workshirts, trousers and aprons. These books are:

Labor Law for the Rank & Filer, by Staughton Lynd (\$1.50). A 64-page booklet by a labor lawyer who explains how a worker can protect himself and solve his on-the-job problems. A good overview of workers' rights.

Steelmill Blues, by Steve Packard (75¢). Thirty-one compelling pages written by a young activist who worked at the massive U.S. Steel works in Gary, Indiana. Fast-moving and concise, Packard's book details the daily problems of factory life and the costly inefficiency of both labor and management.

Longshoring on the San Francisco Waterfront, by Reg Theriault (75¢). A brief, 30-page account of how longshoring has changed over the past few years. A highly descriptive narrative that throws the reader into the distinct subculture of Frisco's docks.

Waterfront Supercargo, by Tom Murray (\$1.50). Remembrances of how life used to be on San Francisco's waterfront.

Directory Assistance Operator, by Carol Gilbert (\$2.25). An old-timer on the switchboard does a number on Ma Bell in this 96-page exposé.

Future *Singlejack Little Books* will deal with bus drivers, cabbies, and Keno runners in Reno. Also, *Singlejack* has just published a full-length paperback novel entitled *Going Down*, by Oliver Cote (\$3.95), a former caseworker's intimate look at the underbelly of the welfare system.

These books are remarkable for their excellent quality. Miles and Weir may again prove that workers are often the best writers. Jack London, Herman Melville, John Steinbeck and Dashiell Hammett were all ass-busting Americans who drew from their work experiences to write novels.

Distribution of *Singlejack Books* is limited, so your best bet is either to write to the company for a catalog, or else order direct from the titles listed above.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I ordered some material from *Arrow* and *Riverside*, who operate out of Murray Hill Station in New York City 10016. They look like they're related, because neither one has sent me my merchandise or answered my letters. What can you do to help me? —A.P.

Central Islip, New York

Arrow and *Riverside* are, in fact, brothers who advertise cheap junk at low prices. Their main aim seems to be getting names and addresses for mailing lists. *HUSTLER's Advertising Department* has been notified to keep these guys out of our pages. Whether they ship their crap or not, they're ripping off our readers.

I returned the merchandise I got from *Paul & Petra* (1610 Argyle Avenue, Suite 102, Hollywood, California 90028) because it was useless shit. There is not one complete film in the 600 feet of crap I received, and the clips are certainly not "high-class" or "untouched by censors." The junk they call a projector is equally absurd, falsely advertised, incomplete and only functional if the reels are hand-cranked.

Need I go on? I am an irate customer. Everything about this *Paul & Petra* deal stinks, from the bullshit about immediate delivery to the inflated costs of handling and postage. I paid \$110 for nothing but a hard time, and I refuse to keep this crap under my roof. —R. D.

Oakland, California

Paul & Petra is a Dutch-based company that has recently opened a branch in Hollywood. Its films are made in the Netherlands and Germany, and its projector is Italian.

The "sex films" the company offers have turned out to be soft-core clips spliced together, while the plastic projector looks like some \$25 special from a bargain basement clearance. The advertisement says this projector has a zoom lens, and that's an outright lie.

The company told us that it was holding up shipment of its projectors for the time being because it was having problems with its Super 8 adapters. These plastic adapters, which are required if the projector is to show Super 8 films, were not manufactured for American flicks, but

for European ones. When they're used with American films, they bind the projector's mechanism. *Paul & Petra* says it has ordered new adapters for American films.

Concerning the films, the company assured us it has purchased a new line that lives up to American standards, which are much more demanding (i.e., more hard-core) than European standards. It said that any customer who isn't satisfied with his merchandise should send it back for a refund.

We've cut *Paul & Petra* from our advertising pages. In the meantime, we'll be keeping an eye on the firm to make sure it keeps its word. If the company gets its act together, then *Paul & Petra* ads will again appear in *HUSTLER*.

I'm writing to tell you about some bad dealings I've had with *Adult Film Xchange* (P.O. Box 344, Holbrook, New York 11741), to which I belonged as a member for a year. Now that I've quit, I'm having a hard time getting my films back. It has been two months now, and even though AFX told me originally that it would take some time for my films to be returned, I'm worried. I'd appreciate any help you could give me.

—R. H.

Greenwood, Arkansas

When we contacted George Schneider, Director of AFX, he said, "Our usual policy for returning films to members who have chosen not to renew their memberships is to wait until all of the films they've deposited in our library are returned to us. Then we send all the films back in one package to the member. This avoids confusion for us and for him. It also allows us to complete termination procedures in one step. To do otherwise would entail much extra record keeping, confusion on everyone's part, extra postage and handling charges, etc."

"We presently have on our RETURN shelf three out of the four films Mr. H. sent us. Because of his anxiety I'll personally return these three films to him now and send him the fourth as soon as it comes back to our library."

"If by any chance our member loses or does not return Mr. H.'s film, I will gladly honor the agreement that we have with all of our members—that we will send \$10 as compensation for his lost film, or we will offer him his choice of a new film with a value of \$15 for \$2.50 postage and handling."

Coincidentally, we received a second letter from Mr. H. soon after we spoke with George Schneider. He informed us that he had decided to stay in *Adult Film Xchange* and renew his membership.

While we're on the subject of AFX, this is the same outfit we incorrectly called *Adult Film Exchange*, which was previously located at Dyker Heights Station in Brooklyn, New York. *Adult Film Xchange* is a Dependable Dealer. 

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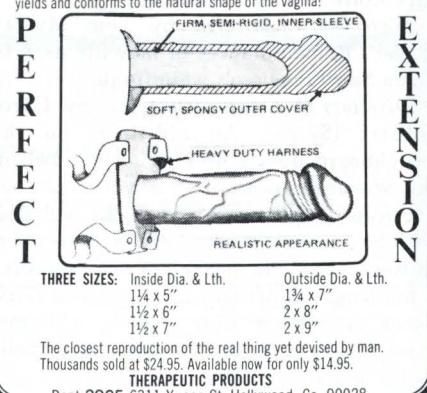


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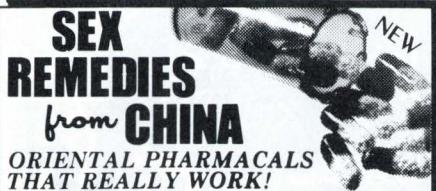
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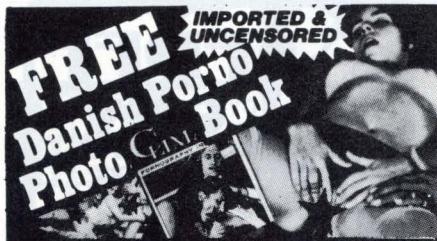
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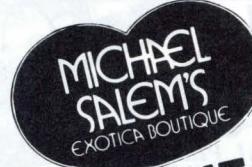
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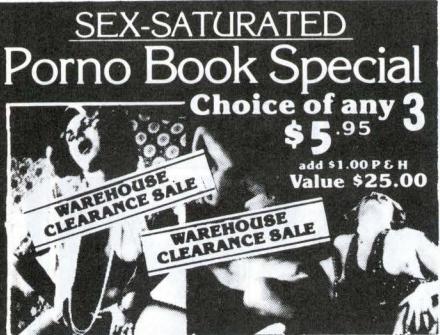
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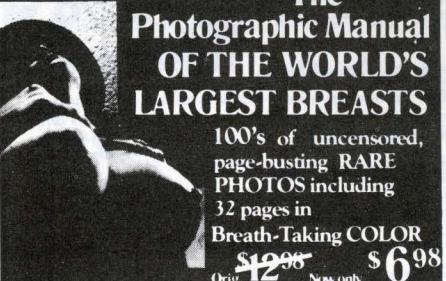
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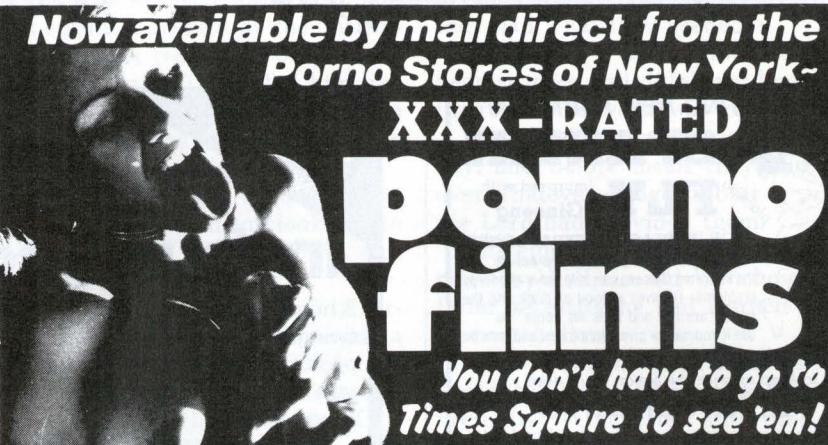
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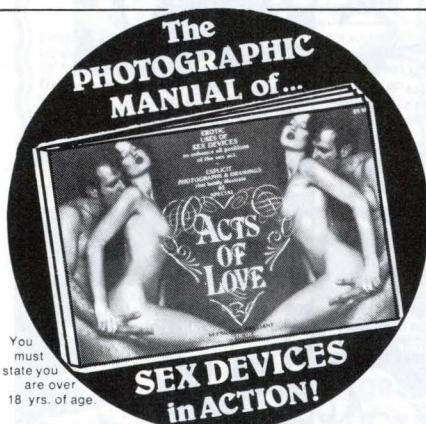
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THE SECOND COMING

(continued from page 88)

"And you have been doing so well with your government policies?" Jesus replied. "You crush people down today with the same fierceness of the czars' reign. If your people speak up, you call them insane and imprison them."

"Nevertheless," said Brezhnev, "we will fight to keep what we have built. Our people are not sheep mindless in their devotion."

"But you would have them pretend to be sheep mindless in their devotion to Mother Russia, when their true devotion is to each other and to their own desire for contentment."

The Lord said with finality: "You will not fight; you will find your people more devoted to My love than to the soil they live on; your military weapons are useless, and the time for separate governments is in the past. You personally, Leonid Ilyich, will not be in good enough health to concern yourself with the worldly details anyway," the Lord prophesied. "And the people of the world belong to Me and to themselves, not to the ground their bodies tread."

And after notifying the Russian thusly, the Lord disappeared from the Kremlin office.

"Comrade," said an aide, who burst in to see Brezhnev with his head in his hands. He mistook this as a sign that the Chairman had heard the news he had been sent to convey.

"Sir, how could you have heard already?"

"Heard what?" asked Brezhnev, with resignation in his voice.

"All of the prison gates and jail bars have dissolved. They turned to foam at first, and then into dust. When the guards tried to force the prisoners back to their compounds, they found that their guns wouldn't fire, and when they tried physical force, a confusion came over them and they forgot what it was they were about to do!"

The Chairman looked up at the aide with a resigned understanding in his eyes. "Give notice that all should remember that they are children of the state and that their responsibility is to the state, which has nourished and sustained them since birth."

"Yes, Comrade Brezhnev," said the aide doubtfully, and left.

They won't remember, thought Brezhnev. It is finished as He said. They are His children now.

* * *

Carl Moore had been living in a private mental institution for 18 years. His parents committed him when he was

five years old. He could neither feed himself nor go to the bathroom alone.

He became a fixture at the institution. His corner room was perpetually cared for by the staff, who fed him like the mental baby he was, changed his diapers and watched over his otherwise adequate health.

Some of the more compassionate nurses even sang to him and looked into his eyes constantly for a response. But there was none.

Carl was handsome, so the task of caring for him was not considered a depressing job, just a heartrending one. He never responded to treatment and was thought to be a hopeless case. Carl would live out his life in the corner room, going from boy to teenager to young adult to old man as he was looked after by other, more conscious human beings.

Sometimes one of the young, pretty nurses would cry on his shoulder out of frustration, but never would there be the answering embrace they prayed and willed there would be.

It was 2:30 on a windblown autumn day when one of the nurses heard a man's laughter coming from Carl's room—a cheering, happy laughter, like the kind a child makes while dreaming a happy dream.

The nurse realized it was Carl who was laughing. She entered the room incredulously and saw him looking out the window, laughing happily.

"Carl?" she asked cautiously. "Carl?"

Carl turned around, smiling a wonderful smile.

"Hi," he said softly. "He was here and He touched me."

"Who?" asked the nurse.

"It was the Lord," Carl said to the now-crying nurse. "He just came up to me and touched my forehead, and here I am."

"Yes," the nurse replied. "Here we all are." And she sobbed and cried along with Carl, who was holding and supporting her as if she were the patient and he the protector.

* * *

There were 12 people in the Prescott family. They all lived in Appalachia in a house that their family had occupied for as long as anyone could remember. The Prescotts had six girls and four boys, all under 19. They were all basically healthy and contented with their lives, but they were also as poor as an American family can get. Mr. Prescott hadn't been able to get work in the coal mines for more than a year.

The clothes the Prescotts wore were gifts from government charities and Salvation Army donations, but no one in

the family was even educated enough to be ashamed of their poverty. After all, they had what they needed.

They lived very far away from the nearest town and didn't yet know what the rest of the world was going through.

The family prayed together every day, and before meals they said grace over whatever meager rabbit or possum the Lord had provided them.

The eldest boy hunted with the only gun they had, an old Winchester rifle. From necessity he had learned to load his own bullets.

Whereas all the other firearms in the world had their firing pins fused, the Prescotts' Winchester still fired. Not that it made the food more abundant, but it was the difference between constant hunger pains and just being hungry without the pain.

Tonight the eldest Prescott boy came home with one small rabbit that would be stewed with greens until all that was left of the meat would be the juice and heavy gravy formed by the continuous addition of water as it cooked over the wood fire. When the stew was ready, they sat down to the table as usual, and Mr. Prescott said his usual prayer of grace. While the rest of the family bowed their heads, he always looked up toward heaven.

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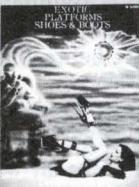
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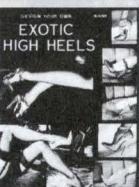
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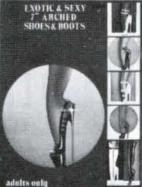
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"Lord, You've given us another day together, and we can't ask for more than that. You've given us what food we have, and we're grateful You even watch over us at all."

But when Mr. Prescott looked down at the table, and the others looked up from their laps, they all gasped in shock. There on the table, surrounding the rabbit stew, were at least a dozen bowls filled with various foods: buttered potatoes, several chickens, a pot roast, and two giant hams complete with pineapple garnish.

In complete shock the family just stared open-mouthed until each of them was aroused by the smell of this wonderful food.

Mr. Prescott understood at once what had happened and the grace his family had received. He sat still and, except for two tears falling from each eye, there was no movement at the table at all.

He looked at each member of his family until he saw understanding in each face and then went on to the next. When all 12 were of one mind, he stood up and said grace again.

"Sweet God, it's wonderful what You have done for us. You are all there is for us, and You are all any of us will ever have. We know that now." And he sat down in complete peace.

Every night after his prayer of grace a different assortment of food greeted his family's eyes.

* * *

Not everyone was pleased with the changes taking place on Earth. Those people who placed all their stock in worldly affairs suffered greatly, and even the most intelligent and understanding of men had immense difficulties in dealing with the problems the new way of life brought with it. They were complicated problems, which could not be solved easily by men alone.

One of these people was Dr. Martin E. Nesbitt, who had the untimely misfortune to be president of the American Medical Association. Dr. Nesbitt was at home trying to sleep, or at least get some kind of rest from his members' frustrated protests. He thought it strange that many doctors were not pleased by the healings that were taking place. The doctor had been besieged by calls from his membership, inquiring about what the future held for the medical profession.

He had no answer for them.

He had just fallen asleep when he found himself dreaming of being back in his boardroom. As usual, he was at the head of the conference table, with a dozen doctors in attendance.

At the opposite end of the table sat

Jesus Christ.

Dr. Nesbitt dreamed that most of the physicians were sitting calmly in their chairs. God's grace had surrounded them with a healing light, which emanated from a spot between their eyebrows. Most now radiated a true healing energy. Only two had no light within them, and these two were just the kind of physicians that Dr. Nesbitt despised.

The two were yelling questions and accusations at Jesus, and not too gently either. Their voices croaked gratingly in the peace of the room.

"If You heal everyone, what are we to do?"

"Why did I study for a dozen years? For what? So I could have half my patients come to me with their ailments gone, and then only to tell me they won't be seeing me again?"

"How am I supposed to pay my country-club dues? Do you have any idea how much a new Cadillac costs these days?"

Working himself into a rage, one doctor took off his stethoscope and threw it at Jesus. It passed through Him harmlessly and smashed a mirror at the far end of the room.

Dr. Nesbitt cringed at his colleagues' behavior and felt deep shame. He was also afraid of the Lord's response, but he had no need to worry.

In the dream Jesus' gaze calmed all the physicians at the conference. Peace fell upon the room, and all was quiet.

The Son of God addressed the meeting in a reasonable voice: "Doctors, I alone am the true healer. Without My consent none of your pills or your treatments would ever do the least bit of good. Now with My spirit living more completely in this world than ever before, even those pills are no longer necessary for those who will just have faith in Me."

"Take heart, though; you will still always have some patients who enjoy their ills. You all know there are some people who don't want to be healed. They are your true patients. Help them. You will both be richer for it, and in more ways than just money."

The head of the AMA then gradually awoke. Strangely, he felt more asleep now than he did while he was dreaming. At the far end of the room he saw the broken mirror and the stethoscope lying on the floor beneath it.

"So," Dr. Nesbitt murmured, his heart filling with sudden realization, "it would seem that some of my fellow doctors will become healers in spite of themselves."

He smiled as he picked up the pieces

of broken glass.

Alone, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon was sitting in his apartment in England. A mist began forming in front of his chair. The mist took the form of Jesus until He Himself was standing there looking at Moon, the Korean "evangelist."

The Reverend Moon felt a tremendous jolt of anxiety shoot through him—a current of unfamiliar fear.

The Lord looked down at Moon in His wrathful aspect.

"I am very displeased with you," said the softly booming voice. "You know the reason. In your heart you can see it as clear as crystal. I gave you My vision as a child for your own personal spiritual guidance, and you have sold My power in the marketplace, as have many others, who would even crucify Me now."

"You, like others, have used your realization to create a business around yourself, and this I cannot abide."

"You have used My children's love for Me to your own selfish ends and convinced them they were laboring for God, when it was you who reaped the worldly benefits."

"You have led My sheep into your field by holding My form up for them to follow, and stole from their free will because they love Me."

"You have used this love for yourself and turned them against their own beloved mothers and fathers by threatening them with hell. This right belongs only to Me. Vengeance is truly Mine, and Mine alone."

By the time Jesus finished speaking, Moon was just a shell of a body at his Lord's feet. Moon's consciousness was seeing all that He had just spoken about while his soul was already cleansed of the worldly poison that had polluted it for so long.

After the Lord had cleansed Moon's soul, He dematerialized from the room.

That day Moon converted his assets into cash, distributing it equally to each church member to do with as he or she saw fit. And Moon, who was now a true holy man because of his last, most powerful vision of Jesus, vanished from sight after blessing all who had ever come into contact with him.

He has not been seen or heard from since.

Publisher Larry Flynt was resting at his home with the inevitable telephone by his side.

It had been awhile since his celebrated conversion to religion and his subsequent shooting, and although his change was looked upon suspiciously by

almost everyone, it was genuine—even to Larry's own continuing amazement.

Even though he felt a deep relief and peacefulness in his heart, it still seemed like each day was more difficult to get through than the one before. He was beginning to wonder if it was all worthwhile when the telephone rang.

"Hello, Larry," said a calm voice.

Flynt knew at once that it was Jesus on the phone because, instantly, God had given it to him to feel his heart open. As hard as it was for him to believe what was happening, he had no doubt about who was on the other end of the line.

A hundred questions exploded in the publisher's mind, but his uppermost thought was of where He could be calling from.

That question both amused and comforted him at the same time, just as the Lord had meant it to. Larry had to be relaxed if His message was to get across.

The Voice said:

"Larry, HUSTLER Magazine is My magazine. There will be some who will cry and gnash their teeth when they find out, but take no notice of them. You began HUSTLER with worldly aims, but instead, now it will aim those who see it toward heaven, where they should have

been traveling to all along."

"It is time for them to know that it is My grace that shines through your pictures and attracts them to Me. It is Me they seek. It always has been, and soon even the darkest being will realize it."

"They are all My children and must be enticed by sweet things before they will come close to Me to feel My love."

"Soon you will show them they can experience My bliss directly, and not only through worldly possessions or warm flesh."

"Teach them to honor the human form. God made it for your pleasure, not your debasement."

"If they see that you, who has the best this world has to offer, are loving Me, they'll know it must be the true love."

"Show them one can own the whole world, but unless one has My love too, all that possessions and the flesh will bring you is pain."

"So let them grow into Me slowly, Larry."

"Give them a little of what they understand and a little of what you understand, and one day you will find both have blended into one."

"And in this way will you do more for Me than My most powerful evangelist ever could."

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JUNE



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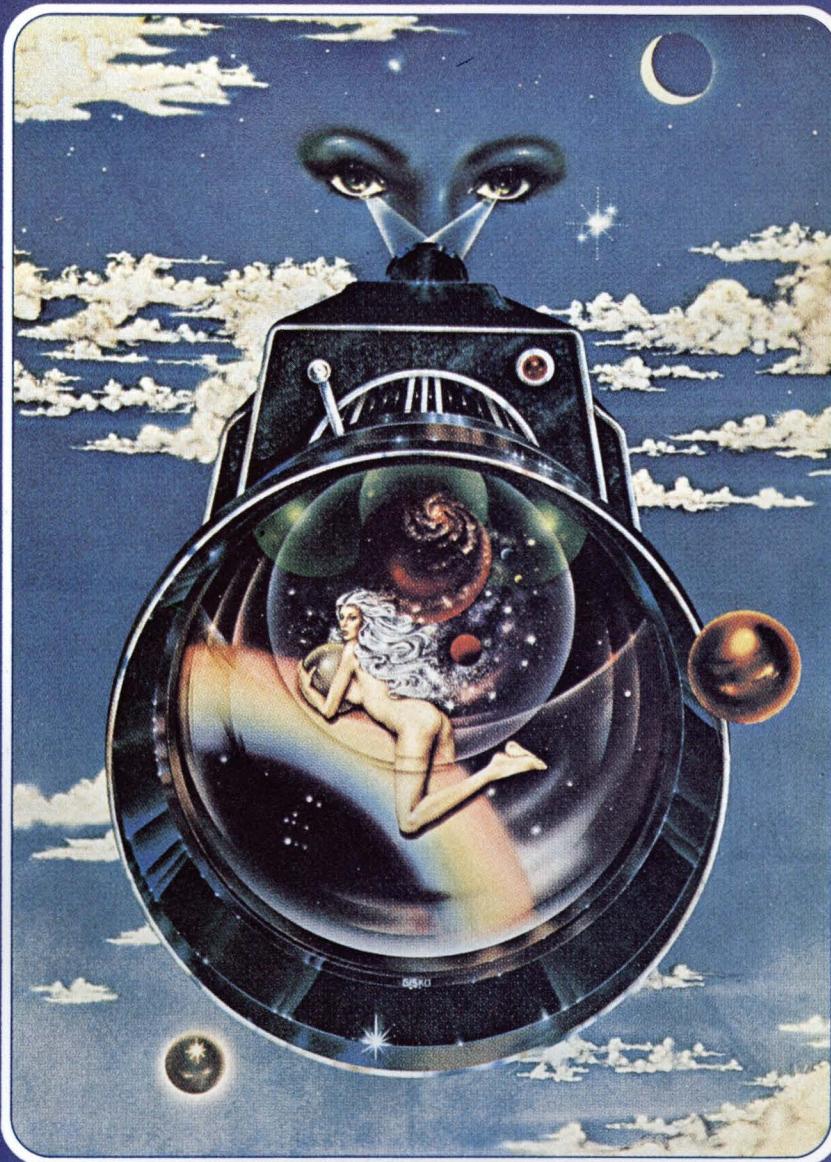
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